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When Nannie and I are Sleighing.

Let poets idly dream and sing
The beauty of the windy spring,
And in green fields go Maying;
Better by far is a winter night,
When snows lie deep and hard and white,
And stars look down with twinkling light
On Nan and me out sleighing.

The moonlight makes a fairer day;
The restless horses seem to say,
"Oh, why are you delaying?"
They spurn the ground with flying feet,
The sleigh bells tingle clear and sweet—
Life has never a joy to beat
Nannie's and mine out sleighing.

y love then nestles near my arm,
Among the furs so soft and warm;
And I, my heart obeying,
Bend down to see her beaming eyes,
Bend down to catch her loving sighs,
And oh! the time too swiftly flies—
When Nannie and I are sleighing.

For in the morn, when friends are by,
Nannie is always still and shy—
She hears not what I'm saying;
But nestling in my sleigh, I know
She answers every whisper low,
Ah me! how quickly love can grow
When Nannie and I are sleighing!

I wooed her in the summer bright,
In festive dance and moon-lit night,
And on the sea-sands straying;
But, oh! for all I would not miss
The eager joy, the perfect bliss,
The whispered "Yes," the trembling kiss,
When Nannie and I are sleighing.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ICE.

I.

My friend Thompson has been married for upward of four years, and a single glance at him in his own home would convince the most confirmed bachelor that there was at least one man who enjoyed the condition of double blessedness. The truth is that Mrs. Thompson is one of the most charming, the most delightful persons in the world. If you doubt that assertion, listen and be at once convinced: Mrs. Thompson welcomes heartily to her home all those people who were friends of her husband in his bachelor days, and—miracle of miracles!—she allows her husband to smoke in any part of the house.

Often have I urged my friend Thompson to tell me where and how he became acquainted with the lady whom he now calls his wife; for I have convinced myself, from occasional words which either he or she has dropped, that there was something romantic about their courtship. To my request, however, he has invariably responded by an expressive monosyllable, "Bosh!"

That sort of answer may be amusing to him, but it is not very satisfactory to the inquirer.

One evening I called upon Thompson at his home. I found him in the sitting-room without any companion.

"Where is your wife?" I asked, after he had greeted me.

"Gone to call on her mother."

"I am sorry for that," said I; "for I always like to meet your wife. She is a charming woman."

"Isn't she?" responded he, somewhat enthusiastically. "And the best of it is that, like good wine, she improves with age. In fact, I don't mind admitting that the day on which I first met her was the happiest day of my life."

"Now look here, Thompson," said I, "where did you first meet her? I've often asked you, and this is a splendid opportunity for you to tell me."

"Oh, bosh!" said he.

"Bosh or not," persisted I, "I want the story."

"You want the story?"

"Yes," I replied, "the story."

"If a story will satisfy you," said he, "light your cigar, and I'll tell you the story of one of my youthful adventures."

"Go ahead," said I. "A story's a story, even if it isn't the one a fellow desires to hear."

We lit our cigars, and reclined in the easy-chairs in which we were sitting.

"You must remember;" said Thompson, "that I always was passionately fond of skating."

I nodded.

"I could cut all sorts of curlecues on the ice, and could do almost anything which a mortal could perform on skates; in fact, I was what Theodore Winthrop would have called an U. P., unapproachable podographer."

"I remember," said I, as I puffed a cloud of smoke from my lips.

"So you see," continued he, "that when ever the ball was up which announced that there was skating at the Central park, I hurried to the lake, if I could possibly steal away from my business; and I'm afraid I sometimes went there when it would have been much more proper for me to have remained at my office. One afternoon I went to the lake at the park, feeling in prime order for a skate. The ice was in splendid condition that afternoon, and I abandoned myself to the sport recklessly. I picked out a corner, at some distance from the crowd, and there I performed my fancy evolutions to my intense satisfaction. So engrossed was I in my motions that I scarcely looked around me. Supposing I was alone there, I was attempting to put a new twirl into the outer-edge done backward. I swung my leg around recklessly, and to my great astonishment I struck something with it. I heard a slight scream, but I turned like a flash. I wheeled just in time, too, for as I turned I caught a lovely girl in my arms. If I had not caught her she would have fallen to the ice. What a beautiful creature she was! For a moment I simply gazed enraptured on her face. And it was a very charming face; she was as beautiful as a dream. She had fainted; and as I gazed upon her, I was tempted to just brush her lips with mine."

"And did you?" I asked, eagerly.

"Did I?" exclaimed he. "Of course I didn't. I'd have given considerable, however, to have been entitled to do so. What was I to do with the young lady I hardly knew. There we were at the extreme end of the lake, and the young lady had fainted. As I glanced around my eyes fell on one of those chairs they use on the ice. Some one had evidently deserted it there. I carried my lovely burden to the chair, placed her in it, soaked my handkerchief in water and moistened her face. You may doubt my word, but I assure you that not a particle of her complexion came off."

"But, my dear fellow," interrupted I, "I don't doubt your word at all. The complexions they make nowadays are waterprooof."

"Oh, I don't mean that," said he; "Her complexion was natural. I had often heard that water was a capital restorative for a person in a faint, and it proved so on this occasion. I bathed her face for a moment or two, and then she sighed. Presently she opened the sweetest blue eyes I had ever seen, and gazed into my face. I at once commenced to apologize."

"'Oh, no,' said she, in sweet, soft tones, 'don't apologize; it was entirely my fault.'

"You have felt the sensation which a dainty melody sends through your system. Well, her voice had that effect on me. I know I looked at her too steadily, for her eyes fell and the blood flooded her cheeks. That brought me to my senses at once.

"'Are you hurt seriously?' asked I, somewhat earnestly.

"'Oh, no,' said she. 'I think I fainted more from fright than from pain, though the blow was a sharp one.'

"'I did not intend—' said I.

"'Oh, no,' interrupted she; 'I know you did not. I skated around that little point there, and managed to get in your way just as you made one of your movements.'

"'And then I struck you?' asked I, eagerly.

"'Yes,' answered she.

"'I am very sorry,' added I.

"'Of course you are,' said she, with a smile; 'but, as it was my fault and not yours, you need not worry over it.'

"I looked my thanks for her good nature.

"'And now,' said I, 'shall I not take you to a place of safety somewhere?'

"'If you will be so kind,' responded she.

"I placed myself behind the chair, and pushed it down the lake at a not very high rate of speed, as you may well imagine, for it was very pleasant to answer her questions, and to call her attention to the amusing movements of the skaters. The crowds were very dense at the wide part of the lake, but we did finally reach the landing-place. Once there, I removed her skates from her feet as she sat in her chair, and then, having taken off my own skates, I stood up before her. She rose to her feet at once; but staggered slightly, no doubt because her feet were somewhat numb. However, I at once took advantage of the situation.

"'There,' I remarked, 'you have not entirely recovered from your accident, and I beg that you will permit me to escort you to your home.'

"'Oh, it is not necessary,' said she, quickly.

"'But it will be such a pleasure to me to be certain that you have reached your home safely,' urged I, eagerly.

She hesitated a moment before she responded, and then she said, slowly:

"'If you wish it, of course.'

"I took her skates on my arm, and we started toward her home. At first she walked slowly, but the fresh, cold bracing air soon brought back the color to her cheeks and elasticity to her step. We strolled down the mall, and when we reached the lower end of the park, she insisted upon walking to her home, which was not far distant. We chatted gayly about a variety of things on our journey, and the result was that we reached her house in what seemed to be an incredibly short period of time.

"I had not, up to that time, dared to ask her what her name was; in fact, I was compelled to keep a constant guard on my tongue, for fear that I might say something which would offend her. As we reached her house, she looked up and exclaimed:

"'Ah, there is my mother at the window watching for me!'

"I looked up, and though it may seem queer to you, I knew the lady who was standing there at the window very well."

II.

My friend Thompson paused, as if he expected me to protest against his last assertion; but I do not spoil a story in that way, and so, as I said nothing, he continued:

"The lady who was standing at the window was Mrs. Small. I had met her on several occasions, and I knew her passably well. Mrs. Small came to the front door without waiting for the servant to open it.

"'How do you do, Mr. Thompson?' said she, in response to my bow.

"'Oh, you know my mamma?' exclaimed the young lady, evidently much surprised.

"'I have the honor,' I replied.

"'Oh, I am so—' she exclaimed, and then paused; but I was quite sure that her eyes finished the sentence with the word glad.

"'Mrs. Small invited me in, and I went in. She asked me to stay to dinner, and I stayed. Perhaps her invitations were only given out of ordinary politeness; but she gave them to the wrong person, if that was her idea. Bless you, I would have remained if she had not invited me, I believe. To tell you the truth, it was a pleasure merely to be in Miss Small's presence. However, I did summon up courage enough to tear myself away after dinner. Fortunately, everything at the dinner-table had gone off nicely, and so Mrs. Small was in a delightful humor. The result was that she invited me to call again. I glanced at Carrie's—Did I tell you that Miss Small's name was Carrie?'

"'No,' answered I; 'you did not.'

"'Well, it was Carrie,' continued he, 'the prettiest name in the world. I glanced at Carrie's eyes, and I thought I could read in them a repetition to call again.

"'I did call at Mrs. Small's house again, and I may say that I called again and again. The result of that performance was that I very soon found myself deeply in love—head over heels in love—with Carrie. At first I quite monopolized her society, for she had been away from home for about two years before I met her, living with an aunt. She had in fact, returned to her mother's house only three or four days before our adventure on the ice. However, Mrs. Small had a large circle of acquaintances, and it did not take the young men very long to find that Mrs. Small had a very charming daughter; and so it soon happened that Mrs. Small' house became a favorite resort of those gentlemen who admired a charming, dainty, clever girl.

"'One of the callers, a man of at least forty-five years of age, was very assiduous in his attentions to Miss Small. Her parents seemed to favor his pretensions, and I felt very mournful and tolerably doleful whenever I saw him near her. That did not prevent me from getting deeper and deeper in love with her. However, I never found both opportunity and courage to tell my love at the same time. When other callers were present, of course I could not confide my secret to the woman I loved; and whenever I happened to be alone with her, my courage oozed away, as Bob Acres's did, at the ends of my fingers.

"'Finally the middle-aged admirer of whom I have spoken became so persistent in his attentions, and passed so much of his time at Mrs. Small's house, that I began to fear he would carry off the prize if I did not summon up my courage. I determined, therefore, to learn exactly what Miss Small's feelings toward me were.

"'A brilliant idea flashed through my brain. The winter had been a severe one, and it had run far into the spring. There was still ice on the lake in the Central park strong enough to permit the skaters to indulge in their favorite amusement. I resolved that I would ask Miss Carrie to accompany me to the lake at an early hour in the morning, at which time the park is almost deserted. She readily consented to go with me, and at 10 o'clock on the following morning we stepped on the ice.

"'I did not wait long enough to put on her skates; but, having slipped on my own, I placed her in one of the ice-chairs, and then swiftly and steadily I pushed that vehicle toward the spot where I had first met her. You can rest assured that I did not take any fancy steps. I skated in my very plainest manner, for I did not desire to attract attention, and I certainly did not wish to be followed. As we approached the place, I believe she divined my intentions, for she became very quiet and solemn. I pushed the chair to the very spot where I had caught her in my arms on the former occasion. We were the only people at that end of the lake, and I plunged into the subject before my courage could ooze out.

"'Carrie,' said I, in a hesitating way.

"She looked up at me with soft, beaming eyes.

"I leaned against the side of the chair with one hand while I clasped her hand with the other.

"'My darling,' I murmured, 'I love you.'

"Her sweet eyes looked tenderly into mine.

"'Oh, can I hope?' I exclaimed, eagerly.

"A smile came on her lips, and her hand gently pressed mine; but it was from her eyes that I learned the secret of her heart.

"I don't know exactly what we said on that morning. For a time I sat on the arm of her chair, and then I slowly pushed the chair up and down and across and around that end of the lake, and all the time we built castles in the air. Finally, as we once more reached the spot where I had made my declaration she said:

"But why did you come to this out-of-the-way place to tell me this story?"

"'Because, my darling,' I replied, 'I fell in love with you on this very spot.'

"'Really?'

"'Really, truly, sincerely.'

"'Well, then,' added she, 'I'll confess that it was here that I fell in love with you.'

"'Except ourselves, there wasn't a human being in sight, and so, although it was a difficult thing to do with skates on my feet, I took her in my arms and kissed her. It was, of course, in a public park; but I think any fellow, under the circumstances, would have acted precisely as I did."

My friend Thompson leaned forward, picked out a fresh cigar from the box, and proceeded to light it. Having lit it, he reclined in his easy-chair, and amused himself by blowing rings of smoke out of his mouth, and watching the rings as they melted away into the surrounding atmosphere. Of course it is pleasant to see a man amuse himself; but it is annoying to have him break off in the middle of a story merely for the purpose of blowing rings of smoke. I watched Thompson for at least five minutes in silence; then I could restrain myself no longer.

"'Well?' said I, somewhat impatiently.

"Well what?" asked he.

"What became of her?"

"What became of her?" he reiterated, as if surprised.

"Yes; Miss Small—the lady to whom you made love on the lake."

"Why," exclaimed he, "how stupid you must be getting!"

"Stupid! About what?" I asked, somewhat angrily.

"Why, don't you see?"

"I confess I don't," I interrupted, quickly.

"Why she's my wife."

"Oh," exclaimed I; "you said it was one of your youthful adventures, and I thought—so that's the way in which you met your wife?"

"Precisely," answered Thompson.—*Arthur Lot, in New York Fiction.*

All in One Boat.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* says the talk about laws against railroad free passes, and the probability of any such law being enforced, reminds him of the time when Florida was a Territory, and society there somewhat in a crude state. An attempt was made to suppress gambling in Tallahassee, and "true bills" were found by the grand jury against fifty or sixty persons, including some of the most prominent citizens of that place. The case came to trial, and the first witness was called upon to say who he saw on a certain night occupied as charge in the indictment. "Well," said he, "I saw Messrs. Jones, Smith and others," naming quite a number. "Did you see any one else?" said the judge. "Yes, sir." "Who?" "The prosecuting attorney." "Any one else?" "Yes, sir." 'State who." "Your honor."

Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the peanut stand.

Taking a bird's-eye view seems to be a great oversight.—*New York News.*

Running A-Muck

The Malay is a singular combination of opposite qualities. Naturally dull, slothful and fond of ease he is easily roused, and then his energy is terrible. His liability to frenzy is due to intense nervousness, and to an extravagant idea of personal dignity. He is as sensitive to an insult as to a stab. So highly strung are his nerves, that under certain circumstances his will comes under the influence of those he meets. He imitates their gestures and mimics their peculiarities. If the person chance to be an enemy, he will continue this mimicking until it works him up into a frenzy, and then there is a volcanic eruption. "Amok! amok!" is the warning cry, that announces that some Malay has become a terror to his fellows. All flee from him and rush to shelter themselves. The madman is blind to everything but the desire to kill. He is "running a-muck." This popular phrase designates the reckless, bloodthirsty career of a Malay as he rushes through a crowd, striking with his terrible kriss, right and left. He makes no distinction between friend and foe. Expecting to be slain, he dies contentedly, if he slays a score, before yielding up his own wretched life.

Formerly, when the cry "Amok!" was heard in Singapore, every one tried to kill the runner, as if he were a mad dog. Nowadays the object is to take him alive, that he may be tried and punished. A public death by hanging is thought to be more of a preventive of amok-running than killing the maniac in the midst of the melee. The police are therefore armed with a stout, short pronged pitchfork, with which to catch the maniac by the throat and pin him to a wall.

During the run the excitement is intense. Shrieks of "Amok! amok!" are heard far in advance of the madman. People fly to the right and left, trampling over each other in their haste to escape. Wild cries and groans announce the advance of the murderer. He stabs as he flies, plunging his kriss into the back of the fleeing man. Leaping over the fallen body he avoids a thrust and returns it with deadly effect. Bleeding victims mark his course. Europeans shoot at him from their revolvers. Some shots take effect; more miss. Malays wait on one side, kriss in hand. One dodges the man's thrust and gives him a cut. Frenzy has made him a giant in endurance. He rushes on though bleeding, cutting and stabbing, until brought to bay against some wall. Holding aloft his gory kriss, he defies the crowd to approach. A policeman steps to the front. Thrusting with his pitchfork he catches the maniac by the throat and pins him to the wall. The kriss is removed from his bloody hand, and bound he is led off to prison.

Physiologists have given various opinions as to the cause of the amok. Some attribute it to the use of opium. Others speak of it as a mania induced by some disease of the digestive organs. An English officer whose long residence among the Malays gives authority to his opinion, says that it is a national custom which originated in the desperate and applauded act of some revengeful Malay. Tradition handed down his exploit with commendation. His example was followed as the right thing for a Malay to do when insulted or apprehensive of deadly danger.

In Japan public opinion formerly compelled a gentleman when insulted to commit hari-kari, that is, to commit suicide by disemboweling himself. The Malays hold that an offense must be wiped out in blood. "A wound may heal, but it always leaves a scar," says a Malayan proverb, inculcating revenge. Custom makes it honorable to become infuriated, and to kill a score of persons instead of killing himself. He knows he will be killed, but that the very men who kill will applaud his bloody deeds.

That the amok is made subservient to the will in order to gratify revenge is proved by evidence. "My eyes got dark and I ran on," said an imprisoned amok-runner, excusing himself by alleging a blind fury. "I ardently long for his blood to clean my face blackened with charcoal," wrote a Malay, indicating his desire to run a-muck to avenge an insult. "I desire to wash out the pollution of the hog's flesh withwhich he has smeared me," wrote another. He was a Mussulman, to whom the touch of pork was defilement. The figure expressed his sense of the insult, and his contempt for the offender.

The Cat.

The cat is frankly and undisguisedly selfish; there is no denying that. It lives for self and compasses its ends without scruple, patient to wait, skillful to feign and scheme and utterly pitiless and unrelenting. But should sportsmen be very severe on the creature that evidently enjoys with a gusto keen as their own the pursuit of the helpless prey which it hunts and toys with, often as much for diversion as hunger? One hopes, for the sake of the sportive birds and heedless mice, which it fascinates with basilisk eyes and captures with cruel paw, that there may be some occult provision of nature to disarm their fate of its terrors.

Perhaps the theory propounded by Dr. Livingstone when he records his feelings while in the lion's clutch—that the sensations of the prey are rather pleasing than otherwise—may be true. We hope so, but it must be confessed that appearances are not in its favor.

In early youth cat nature appears at its best. Once having emerged from the puling, sightless stage of its first nine days, the kitten becomes a winsome and attractive creature. "Cat like" is a reproachful epithet aptly applied to women of the Becky Sharp type; but it is not considered derogatory to the most fascinating girl to be credited with kitten-like ways—for the kitten is the embodiment of playfulness and grace. The cruel instincts of its tribe are not, however, slow to assert themselves, and it is comical to hear the mimic growl of puny thunder with which the tiny creature gloats over its first mouse.

In the pages of fable, Puss has ever figured largely, but rarely after a flattering manner. His guile and subtlety form the salient points in the representations, and his character is painted akin to that of Master Reynard, the master of craft. He is depicted as a demure hypocrite, a false hermit, a deceitful counselor, the ensnarer of the unwary, the ally of wizards and witches. Rats in council debate vainly how to baffle him. It is hopeless, they find, to dream of "belling the cat." Noiseless himself on his gloved feet, his keen ear is not to be caught napping.—*Temple Bar.*

The Chinese New Year.

Kwong He Ho, Chinese merchant of Pell street, sat yesterday on an ebony stool covered with a thinly padded cushion of turkey red. The stool came from China, and cost $4. Two dollars was added in the way of duty at this port. Five other stools just like this one were occupied by friends of the merchant.

It was the Chinese New Year. Kwong was dressed like a native and looked very intelligent. He wore on the third finger of his left hand a diamond ring which he said cost him $63. The pride depicted on his face as he looked around his shop was very pardonable. It was a small room, but stored with hundreds of attractive and costly things. Six clerks with loose sacks and queues jostled one another behind the counter. Innumerable shelves were burdened with indescribable matters. Four feet of wall was stocked as an apothecary's shop, another four feet as a china store, still another as a tailor's establishment, and so on. Embroidered silks and figured crockery made a bright and artistic show. Among a confusion of small matters on the counter stood a complicated tobacco pipe worth $20, from Shanghai, a saucer of fine tobacco mingled with quarters of lemon peel to keep it moist, and a garnet-colored glass tray and flagon set in a ring of small wine glasses.

Kwong received the reporter and Policeman McCoy with marked courtesy, and filling two of the glasses from the flagon, proffered this courtesy of the day to his visitors, remarking, "Take a glass of wine."

"Chinese wine?" the reporter inquired, drinking.

"No, gin," the merchant responded, laconically.

Then Kwong drew attention to his New Year's table, which was in a corner. The central piece upon it was a lacquered octagonal box, filled with candy. Behind was a small metal pot in which diminutive wedges of sandal wood were burning. A supply of sandal wood wedges stood piled on a tray at hand. Round about were bronze images and handsome ornaments carved in ebony. A cloth of crimson silk, sewed over with gold embroidery and small circular sections of looking glass, depended from the front of the table. Kwong handled this bit of silk tenderly, and said that it was as costly as it was beautiful. Strips of pictured Chinese paper hung on the walls behind the table, and from the ceiling above depended two enormous lantern frames of carved ebony, which Kwong said were worth $12 apiece.

The hospitality of the candy was accepted by the reporter and also by Policeman McCoy. It was queer candy, like bits of dried apple in form and diversified in color, but very toothsome. Kwong said that he had made 100 calls and was now receiving. Friends dropped in at intervals, shook hands with themselves, which is the Chinese way, and said "Happy New Year." Among others came an American doctor with five ladies, all of whom were received with high courtesy by the popular merchant.

What happened at Kwong's was repeated yesterday at every Chinese house in the city. In gambling and opium places it was just the same. Chinamen wore their holiday shirts, which differ from those worn every day in that they are padded. Some wore silver gray, of great beauty, and edged with fur. Mott street was alive with the Celestials, who walked erect, smoked long cigars, and beamed with joy.—*New York Sun.*

What Man Owes to Earth-Worms.

Dr. Charles Darwin has published a book which is destined to create a profound as well as an amusing impression. It is entitled "Vegetable Mold and Earth-Worms," and it goes to prove that this wriggling, slimy little creature is one of the most useful and beneficent of any of the various forms of life inhabiting the globe.

The earth, it seems, would practically be a desert were it not for the worm. The vegetable mold which makes soil fruitful is due to its labors, and the secret of its value is that it eats dirt, which has been so well characterized as "matter in the wrong place." In one acre there is an average of 53,767 worms. The prodigious result of their labor is shown by an investigation of a field in Kent, England, where Dr. Darwin found that the worms had thrown up digested soil amounting to eighteen tons per acre in one year. On a sandy soil at Leith Hill the investigation showed sixteen tons to the acre. Although at work only half the year, the sum total of their activity is stupendous. The great naturalist calculates the actual weight of soil rendered serviceable by the worm for vegetable life in Great Britian alone, since its appearance there, at the enormous total of 320,000,000,000 of tons. Man subsists on animal and vegetable food, but there would be very little of either were it not for the worm.

It will not, do therefore, any longer to despise the worm. Indeed, not only is it useful in creating the mold which makes the earth fertile, but it helps also to preserve for man the memorials of the past. Its mission is to cover all naked surfaces with its ejecta. The earth which passes through its intestinal canal is rendered soft and fertile, and covers and preserves whatever it is deposited upon.

First Loves.

A long story in one of the papers is headed, "Her First Love." We have no time to read long stories, but if it was really and truly her first love it is safe to say he got away. It takes a practiced hand to know just when to reel in, pay out more line, "play" him till he can be landed and put in the basket. It can't be done by a girl with her first love, because of the excitement when she first feels when there is one nibbling, causing her to shut both eyes, pull for dear life and throw him fifteen feet into the air, when the hook drops out of his mouth, he falls "slap" into the water and scuds under some old root. The desert of life is strewn all over with the bleaching bones of first loves, who have had their jaw torn off so they could not masticate their food.—*Peck's Sun.*

Fenians were men of Irish birth, or immediate descent, who organized a secret society in the United States and in Ireland in 1877, with the professed object of establishing a republic in Ireland.

In old England they used to hang a woman for merely "hooking" a dress.

What Can be Seen With a Small Telescope.

The curiosity to see the heavenly bodies through great telescopes is so widespread that we are apt to forget now much can be seen and done with small ones. The fact is that a large proportion of the astronomical observations of past times have been made with what we should now regard as very small instruments, and a good deal of the solid astronomical work of the present time is done with meridian circles, the apertures of which ordinarily range from four to eight inches. One of the most conspicuous examples in recent times of how a moderate-sized instrument may be utilized is afforded by the discoveries of double stars made by Mr. S. W. Burnham, of Chicago. Provided with a little six-inch telescope, procured at his own expense from the Messrs. Clark, he has discovered several hundred double stars so difficult that they had escaped the scrutiny of Maedler and the Struves, and gained for himself one of the highest positions among the astronomers of the day engaged in the observation of these objects. It was on this little instrument that on Mount Hamilton, California—the site of the future great Lick observatory—he discovered forty-eight new double stars which had remained unnoticed by all previous observers.

First among the objects which show beautifully through moderate instruments stands the moon. People who want to see the moon at an observatory generally make the mistake of looking when the moon is full, and asking to see it through the largest telescope. Nothing can then be made out but a brilliant blaze of light, mottled with dark spots, and crossed by irregular bright lines. The best time to view the moon is near or before the first quarter, or when she is from three to eight days old. The last quarter is of course equally favorable, so far as seeing is concerned, only we must be up after midnight to see her in that position. Seen through a three or four-inch telescope, a day or two before the first quarter, about half an hour after sunset, and with a magnifying power between fifty and one hundred, the moon is one of the most beautiful objects in the heavens. Twilight softens her radiance, so that the eye is not dazzled as it will be when the sky is entirely dark. The general aspect she then presents is that of a hemisphere of beautifully chased silver carved out in curious round patterns with a more than human skill. If, however, one wishes to see the minute details of the lunar surface, in which many of our astronomers are now so deeply interested, he must use a higher magnifying power. The general beautiful effect is then lessened, but more details are seen. Still it is hardly necessary to seek for a very large telescope for any investigation of the lunar surface. I very much doubt whether any one has ever seen anything on the moon which could not be made out in a clear, steady atmosphere with a six-inch telescope of the first class.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Disappointments.

Everybody can recall curious disappointments in meeting distinguished people, or looking on famous scenes, or tasting pleasures long coveted. Charlotte Bronte was disgusted with Thackeray, because he eat heartily at dinner.

An enthusiastic young lady hovered near Mrs. Martineau and Mrs. Somerville to catch snatches of high literary converse, and heard them talking of bonnets and gowns.

A large company of clergymen met Archdeacon Paley at dinner, hoping for instruction from his rare learning. The only remark he made during dinner was on the best method of cooking plums in a pudding.

Lord Macaulay gives a comical account of his experience with certain dainties of food. "When I was a child I had a notion of its being the most exquisite of treats to eat plaintains and yams, and to drink palm-wine. I have now enjoyed all, and I have found, like much greater men, on more important occasions, that all is vanity. "A plaintain is very like a rotten pear, so like that I would lay twenty to one that a person blindfolded would not discover the difference. A yam is better. It is like an indifferent potato. I tried palm-wine at a pretty village near Madras, where I spent one night. I found it very like ginger-beer in which the ginger had been sparingly used."

A Rogue's Trick.

"Col. Gaston, U. S. A.," stopping at the Continental hotel, Paris, called at a jewelry shop in that city and left some articles for repair; then he came and bought a silver cigarette case, paying in both instances the amount due. Then he decided upon buying a bandeau and necklace of diamonds valued at $20,000, which he locked up in a little leathern bag that he had brought with him. After figuring on the value a few minutes—during which time a customer in a big overcoat entered and looked at, but did not buy, some sleeve buttons—the colonel presented the check for the amount due on the diamonds. The lady in charge of the shop refused to take the check and he said he would go and draw the money himself, which he did, leaving the bag in charge of the lady. She took the precaution to feel of its contents, and much to her relief recognized the peculiar form of the diamond bandeau and the stones of the necklace within. She waited until nightfall, and as her customer did not return, she cut open the bag. To her consternation she found that it contained nothing but some bits of wood and wire formed in the shape of the bandeau, and a string of glass beads that did duty for the necklace. The customer in the big overcoat who came to look at the sleeve-buttons had probably managed to change the bags.

Figures Never Lie.

There is a clerk in an Austin store who is a wonderful mathematical genius. He beats the world, and his customers, when he comes to add up. A lady bought some groceries a few days ago, and on asking how much she owed, the clerk told her rapidly:

"You had two bits worth of starch, and two bits worth of soap, which makes four bits, and two bits worth of candles, which makes six bits, and you didn't buy any candy, which makes two bits more, so you just owe a dollar and a quarter."

The lady, whose mind was occupied with a new bonnet, absent-mindedly paid over the money and went out.—*Siftings.*

An Ambush of Artillery.

We were driven back at Seven Pines the first day, but on the second we gave them a little "Hail Columbia," and drove them back in return about half a mile from where our outside line was established on the first day. It was a most terrible fight. I had never seen anything like it, and as I have never seen an account of a Confederate charge made that day, I will undertake to briefly describe it. On a wooden eminence a short distance below where our first line had been established two or three batteries of artillery were stationed by Heintzelman. One section of two pieces was drawn out from the wood and placed in the clear corn field beyond. It was rather a dangerous position for a battery to be in without support. The section had scarcely unlimbered when from the woods in their front there debouched four lines of Confederates (Chotham's brigade), who, in regimental front, and four lines deep, came pouring down upon the devoted section. "Fire with canister!" commanded the weak little voice of the young lieutenant who commanded the section, and the Confederates seemed to laugh at the two little six-pounders opposing them. "Double-shot with canister!" said the commander of the masked guns in the woods, and still the enemy came on and on, as if on parade. Not a musket was fired, and the section kept booming away with terrible rapidity. I had thought that the lieutenant and his section would turn tail to the foe. He did not, but stood there and worked his guns with the coolness of a brave man. All at once, with a yell, the enemy started on a double-quick, and in a moment more the section was captured and the lieutenant was a mangled corpse. Now came the most terrible carnage I had ever seen. The capture of the section had evidently greatly encouraged the foe, and his lines swept up and up the hill until within about a hundred yards of the Union canon. It was a magnificent sight. The lines had not broken yet, but kept onward, as if marching for review. "Fire!" rang out from the woods, and at least a dozen cannon belched forth their storm of death. I can see it even now. Men in all the agonies of death piled like fence-rails one upon another, with their more fortunate comrades climbing over their mangled bodies to reach the guns. The magnificent lines of a moment before wavered, then stood still, and then faded away like snow beneath a summer's sun. The charge was ended, and but few, if any, lived to return. The field where the enemy had advanced was a perfect slaughter-pen, indeed. The dead and wounded lay in all directions, and not one of all the men who had advanced got back again. It was a noble and gallant charge, and to the noble and brave lieutenant who commanded the section alone in the field, and who gave up his *life* to duty, was the credit of winning the battle due. The enemy lost about 1,500 men in killed, wounded and prisoners. Our loss was eight men killed and sixteen wounded.—*Philadelphia Weekly Times.*

The Tay Bridge.

The ill-fated Tay bridge in Scotland is about to be rebuilt, or rather replaced by a new one of similar structure. The Tay is about a mile wide, and subject to sudden and violent storms. The new bridge will run alongside of the old one, whose remains can be utilized to some extent. It will begin, starting at the south end, with four brick arches, each of fifty feet span, and be followed by girder and truss spans, as follows: One of 118 feet, ten of 129 feet, thirteen of 145 feet, eleven of 245 feet, two of 227 feet, one of 162 feet, ten of 129 feet 6 inches, one of 127 feet 6 inches, and twenty-five of 71 feet. The long central spans will be seventy-seven feet in the clear above high-water mark. The trains will run between the girders of these spans, and on top of those on either hand, as in the old bridge. The foundations of the piers are to be iron cylinders filled with concrete, upon which brickwork will be built up and surmounted by wrought-iron pillars. Before travelers trust themselves to any great extent on this new piece of engineering, they are likely to want their nerves quieted with definite assurance that it won't blow over in a gale, train and all, like its predecessor. The water of the Tay beneath the bridge is 100 feet deep or more, so that it is sure death to be plunged into it in tightly-locked railroad cars. The passengers who went down with the flimsy old concern proved this conclusively.

Ingersoll's Position Sound.

In his recent lecture in New York city Bob Burdette, the Burlington (Iowa) journalist, made a sensation by his allusions to Bob Ingersoll. The latter's success, Burdette thought, was owing to his overwhelming humor, which made his audience laugh at their own dearest creeds. "And I believe," continued Mr. Burdette, seriously, while his audience was hushed—"I believe Colonel Ingersoll's position is sound." There was a moment's hesitation, and all the tittering stopped "I know," continued the speaker, "it isn't the thing to say in this hall and to this audience; but I have said it, and won't go back on anything I have said." It appeared for a moment that Mr. Burdette's candor had got the better of his discretion. He continued: "But that is the trouble with Ingersoll, it is all sound, like a bass drum, and no sense." Then a good orthodox roar went up, and everybody felt relieved.

A village in one of the Middle States has recently undergone a most singular experience. Two of the villagers keep some one hundred and thirty beehives, and as bad weather made other food scarce, the interesting insects invaded the stores and houses in quest of sweets. Half a bushel of them swarmed in one man's kitchen, of which they remained sole tenants for a week. In that house, on their account, all fruit canning and preserving had to be done at night, and for many days all the family had to climb out and in the windows, the bees laying siege to the doors. In addition to this whole orchards of fruits and arbors of grapes were devoured by the bees. Dozens of persons were badly stung while passing along the streets, and such a reign of terror was established that recourse has been had to the courts for prevention of its recurrence.

There are 153 mills in Lowell Mass.

Broken Strings.

There is no minstrel ripe in years,
But, as his song he sings,
Feels musingly across his harp
To find some broken strings.
The early songs that from his lyre
His youthful fingers flung,
Have lost their first Promethean fire
Since love and life were young.

The world may listen to the strains
Which from each harp-string float
But still unto his ear remains
A discord in the note.
And still his heart, unsatisfied,
Seeks, yearningly, in vain,
To find the music which has died
And mend the broken strain.

Oh, world! that listens, when too late,
Unto the voice which sings,
And loves the music, when the years
Have shattered many strings,
But little owes the bard to you
For praises from your tongue,
Who heard not when the harp was new,
And love and life were young.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A two-foot rule—Keep your feet dry.

"I am not so bad as I am painted," said the fashionable woman.

The bashful lover who can't express his feelings often sends them by mail.

Though manufactured abroad, a home-spun article—A top.—*Richmond Baton.*

"If I thought I was going to become gray, I know I should die!" exclaimed Miss Springle. When she turned gray, she did dye, sure enough.—*Boston Transcript.*

A certain doctor of divinity said every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by clipping his lawn when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor—cut your sermons short."

Student (not very clear as to his lesson)—"That's what the author says, any way." Professor—"I don't want the author; I want you!" Student (despairingly)—"Well, you've got me."—*Harvard Crimson.*

"Man and wife are one, are they?" said she. "Yes, what of it." said he, suspiciously. "Why in that case," said his wife, "I came home awfully tipsy last night, and feel terribly ashamed of myself this morning." He never said a word.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Johnnie, here you are at the breakfast table and your face is unwashed," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know it, ma. I saw the animalcules in pa's microscope last night, and I ain't going to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs."

"I ne'er was more infatuated
Than now, beneath your glances,"
Said Jones unto the bonny maid
Whose love is his heart entrances;
"Except," said she, "when in that tub
Of butter you prostrated,
That was the time, you'll own yourself,
Still more in-fat-yon-waited."

—*Rome Sentine.*

She sat down at the piano, cleared her throat and commenced to harmonize. Her first selection was, "I cannot sing the old songs;" and a gloom that was colder and bleaker than a Sunday dinner fell on the company when the stranger in the corner said, "And we trust that you are not familiar with the new ones."—*St. Louis Hornet.*

This is a Fashionable Restaurant. Do you not see the pink Chewing Candy and the Angel Cake in the Window? Angel Cake is Nice, but you can get more Molasses Ginger-bread for your money. See the Young Man and his Girl outside of the Restaurant. Will they go in? He is telling her Some one was Poisoned last week by eating Oysters at the Restaurant. She exclaims "How Dreadful!" and says she is glad they have other Things to eat in the Restaurant Besides Oysters. Yes, they will go in, but he Wishes he had thought of a better Lie to tell her.—*Elevated Railway Journal.*

Mrs. Emma Q. Housh is making the *Woman at Work* very pleasant and entertaining. — *Indianapolis Sentinel.* Emma can do more than we have succeeded in doing. We have on several occasions found a certain woman at work, and when the last time we found her at work, we tried to make her pleasant and entertaining by making humorous allusions to the flatness of the biscuit, and by telling her of the exceeding lightness of the pie crust that Brown's wife makes. She, in the most pleasant and uninteresting way suggested that she wished we would either go and board with Brown's family or fall down the stairs and break our blessed neck.—*Texas Siftings.*

HEALTH HINTS.

Samuel Deaton, of Christiansburg, Ohio, who had rheumatism nineteen years, says the following is what cured him: "1 quart rye whisky, 1 oz. wild cherry bark (root), 1 oz. prickly

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1882.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

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Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1882.

—Thanks to Senator Ransom for public documents.

— Senator Hill's condition has changed for the worse, and he is now seriously sick.

—The rumors of a probable European war, seems to have been premature.

—Brother-in-law Scoville has withdrawn from the Guiteau case and gone home to Chicago.

—Dr. Joseph Pancoast, the eminent surgeon, died at his home in Philadelphia, on the 8th inst., aged 77 years.

—The Mormons have been preaching for some time at King's Mountain in this State, and have made about 50 converts.

—The Republicans at Albany are depressed by the result of the election in the Saratoga district, held to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Wagner. It is the first time the district has been carried by a Democrat since Mr. Blood was elected in 1869.

—The Governor of Virginia has summonned the Legislature in extra session. The Repudiation body was unwilling to sit beyond the appointed day and find them selves. Hence they adjourned *sine die*, and this necessitated an extra session costing probably $20,000 or $30,000.—*Star.*

— Senator Voorhees was down with rheumatic gout and was cured by a very simple remedy. This is the Washington talk, and others are using it with like results. Here it is:

"Take two lemons; squeeze the juice into a cupful of hot water. Drink of this beverage three times daily, as hot as you can stand it. It must be taken on an empty stomach —that is before meals.

THE WESTERN FLOODS. — Under date of March 11, the situation in the Mississippi Valley is represented as bad enough, without being exaggerated. The Vicksburg *Herald* has no doubt that fair crops will be raised in almost all portions of the valley. The people in many places are inconvenienced by losing their live stock, but they are not as bad off as reported, as there are two months before cotton time is past, and the water is almost sure to subside in time to plant crops.

EXTRA SESSION. — It is rumored that Gov. Jarvis will convene the Legislature in extra session, April 20th, to redistrict the State. The other important business before the extra session will be to extend the time for funding the State debt, which expired January 1st, and to appoint Railroad Commissioners.

We were in hopes that arrangements could be made to dispense with the extra session and save the expense.

—A serious riot took place last week at Third Creek station on the Western North Carolina railroad, between whites and blacks, in which a hundred people were engaged, and a lively engagement with pistols and shot guns was kept up. The row was started by an attack made upon a young man recently returned from Texas, by a negro. He defended himself, when several negroes came to the rescue of their friend, and the whites seeing this, also took a hand and the row soon grew to be a riot. The Salisbury Rifles were telegraphed for and they immediately left for the scene. Twenty-four of the rioters were arrested, carried to Salisbury and put in jail. Several negroes were badly, but not fatally shot.—*Concord Sun.*

RAILROADS.—The following, which we find among items of interest in the Charlotte *Observer*, is not very encouraging for railroad building:

Only two out of fourteen railroads in North Carolina pay dividends. Those which pay represent $8,265,000; and those which do not, $15,542,000.

Of the $111,460,000 invested in Virginia railroads, only $13,149,000, invested in five roads pay any dividends.

Out of $258,360,000 invested in railroads in California, only one road, the Central Pacific pays. This, with its Los Angelos branch, represents $148,078,000, leaving $110,282,000 yielding nothing to the shareholders.

In Missouri, $215,055,000 have been invested in twenty-nine railroads, exclusive of the St. Louis bridge, and a dividend is only paid on one of them, costing $34,412,000.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, "the ladies' favorite," as it is generally called, is before us, for April, and is even better than usual. Among other costly embellishments, it has a "Colored Pattern for a Table-Cover," one of those new and stylish affairs only to be found in this magazine, and alone worth the price of the number. The steel engaving, and the double-sized colored fashion-plate, are also exceptionally fine. There are some fifty illustrations for the fashions and for the work-table, giving the latest styles and patterns for both. No other lady's book rivals this in the high character of its literature. The stories are always the best. In the present number we have "Love in Tangle," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, "The Story of a Storm," by Mrs. J. G. Austin, both powerful novelets; besides stories by Frank Lee Benedict and numerous others; and several of the stories are illustrated. The price of "Peterson" is but two dollars a year, with great deductions to clubs, and handsome premiums to the person getting up the club. It is never too late to subscribe for back numbers can always be supplied. *Every lady ought to take this Magazine.* Specimens are sent gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs. We advise our friends to try it, for one year at least. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest News.

Advices from Costa Rica state that Alajuela, San Ramon Gracia and Heredia have been destroyed by an earthquake. In Alajuela alone several thousand lives were lost in Central America.

St. Louis, March 10.—A heavy and very unusual snow storm prevailed along the line of the Texas Pacific railway in Western Texas. At Albilene the snow was 6 inches deep.

Dispatches from Quincy and Monmouth, Ill., and Watertown and Madison, Wis., and also from different points in Iowa and Minnesota, indicate that a genuine blizzard from the north prevailed throughout Northwest yesterday and last night. The accompanying snow drifted badly, and travel is generly impeded.

Vennor's latest prophecy is: I warn New York and the contiguous seaboard also the middle states, of the approach of a storm period on the 18th and 19th of the present month, probably with heavy rains and high winds in the former section, and wind, snow and rain fall in the latter.

LATEST NEWS. — Judge Blatchford's name has been sent to the Senate for confirmation as Judge of the U. S. Supreme Court.——The Senate has passed the bill abolishing the territorial government of Utah. Quite a scene occurred in the House on the same question, resulting in a recess.——DeLong and his party, of the Jeannette Arctic expedition are supposed to have been lost off the mouth of the Lena, and never landed as was first reported.

From Washington.

Mr. Alex. H. Stephens has reported from the committee on coinage, weights and measures of the House a bill providing for the coinage of a standard metric silver dollar, to be composed of a ternary combination of metals, gold, silver and copper, silver being the chief element. It is upon the French metric decimal system. Mr. Stephens, in his report, says the new dollar will be smaller, denser, and of greater sonority or ring than the present standard dollar: that it will be tougher and more resistant of abrasion; also, that it will possess the advantage of conforming to the metric decimal system of weights and measures adopted by most of the civilized nations of the world for use in all commercial transactions. The value of the new dollar will be somewhat more than that of the present standard dollar, and the cost of coinage somewhat less.—*Goldsboro Messenger.*

THE CHINESE BILL.—In the SENATE the bill was declared passed by a vote of twenty-nine to fifteen. The vote in detail was as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Bayard, Beck, Cole, Cameron, of Wisconsin, Cockerell, Coke, Fair, Farley, Garland, George, Gorman, Hale, Harris, Hill of Colorado, Jackson, Jonas, Jones, of Nevada, Miller, of New York, Miller, of California, Morgan, Pugh, Ransom, Sawyer, Slater, Teller, Vance, Vest, Voorhees and Walker—29.

NAYS—Messrs. Aldrich, Allison, Blair, Brown, Conger, Davis, of Illinois, Dawes, Edmunds, Frye, Hoar, Ingalls, Lapham, McDill, McMillian and Morrill—15.

Absent, paired and not voting.—Messrs. Anthony, Butler, Camden, Cameron, of Pensylvania, Davis, of West Virginia, Ferry, Groome, Grover, Hampton, Harrison, Hawley, Hill, of Georgia, Johnston, Jones, of Florida, Kellogg, Lamar; Logan, McPherson, Mahone, Maxey, Mitchell, Pendleton, Plumb, Rollins, Saulsbury, Sanders, Sewell, Sherman, Van Wyck, Williams and Windom.

The bill as passed provides that from and after the expiration of ninety days after the passage of the act and until the expiration of twenty years after its passage the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States shall be suspended.

It is understood that the sub-committee of the House committee on ways and means have virtually agreed upon a bill reducing the internal revenue tax on whisky and tobacco, and removing the tax entirely from a number of articles embraced in schedule "A."

The total amount of the reduction in internal revenue to be effected by the bill is estimated at about seventy million dollars.

The Senate has passed a bill to erect a statue to Chief Justice Marshall.

EARNINGS OF THE RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.—A statement of the financial condition of the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, covering the six months ending March 31, 1882, shows net earnings (estimating for the unexpired portion of the quarter at the rate of increase already made) to be $475,000, with fixed charges amounting to $305,130, leaving a surplus of $169·870 over 4 per cent. on the company's capital stock for the quarter, an increase of 65 per- cent over the corresponding quarter of last year.

SERGEANT MASON SENTENCED.—The sentence of Sergeant Mason, who fired at Guiteau, has been approved by General Hancock. The sentence is that he be dishonorably discharged with loss of all pay and allowances, and to be confined in the penitentiary at hard labor for eight years.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

EDITORS PRESS:—On Saturday, March 4th, I started to Davie County, and on my way called at Brother Samuel Woosely's and took him along for a pilot, as it is a part of the country I am not acquainted with, and he has been preaching there monthly for the last 12 months.

We went down the Salisbury road and passed by Arcadia, for many years the home of the late Dr. Shelton. At present, my old friend, Henry Messer, occupies the house with a view to take care of the place. And, in addition, Dr. Hill, a son of another old friend, Ex-Sheriff Hill, of this county, is located here, practicing medicine, and from what I learn, is getting a good practice, and if he is as clever as his *pa*, he deserves it.

I do not know when I had such a train of sad feelings to take possession of my mind after we had passed the place. The last time I saw it I came after Dr. Shelton for a sick grand-child, Norah Lineback, and two days afterwards *the little tired feet* were laid to rest in the Friedberg grave-yard. The recollection of former faces and incidents of the past twenty years came trooping by. Among the rest that of Augustus Spaugh, at one time a partner here with the Dr. in the mercantile line, and to my ideal the finest type of the christian gentleman of any young man I ever knew. He went to the war, and in less than six months his remains were brought back for interment at Friedberg. And well do I remember the first time I ever saw Dr. Shelton. It was at the house of the late Mr. George Tesh, a member of the Friedberg congregation. Old Sister Tesh was sick and I went to see her, and while there the new Dr. came, and from his youthful appearance the old lady concluded he did not know anything, and she refused to take his medicine. He coaxed a good while without effect; at last he asked me to go out with him, and said: "You try and persuade her to take it for she is bad off, and I am afraid will die, medicine or no medicine; but she is my first case, and I don't want to lose her. So I set to work and at last she consented and took it and finally get well, and the Dr. often said he was willing to divide the credit equally between us, and he often told me that when he began there he had his horse, a small stock of medicines, and 50 cents in his pocket. He had a spotted horse that had the bottom of two common horses, and when at last he gave out he kept him for the faithful service he had rendered, and gave him an honorable burial when he died.

How well do I remember the last year of the war. Our young men were all in the army and the old men in the "home guard," and the women and children had to tend the land to make the bread, and in addition there was a great deal of sickness around Friedberg, and up and down the river; that was in 1864. I undertook to make my bread by farming and attending to my pastoral duties at the same time; and in order to do it would plough till about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, take out my horse and feed him and then ride often till two and three o'clock next morning visiting the sick; and often night after night the Dr. and I would ride together each in his respective calling; and he always insisted that I should go and see his patients whether they were members of my church or not. He said, "You do them good, by your prayers, and cheer them up by words of encouragement; and I am the gainer by it. And when at last after eleven years' service, the *call* came to me to go to Bethania (Hausertown), and some one in his rounds told the Dr., he came post haste to learn if the report was true. I told him it was. "Well," said he, "I am sorry, and I do not know anything about the usages of the Moravian Church, but I will make one proposition, if it will keep you here: I will do your family's practice and give you fifty Dollars a year besides, as long as you stay here,"—and he was in earnest.

The last time I saw the Dr. I was going along Main Street, in Winston, and he was standing on the pavement talking with some men. I had already passed them, when he noticed me, and he suddenly turned on his heel in a fashion peculiar to himself, and said to me: "See here, you can't pass by an old friend in that way and not shake hands;" and we had some conversation and parted. The next news I heard was, "Dr. Shelton is dead." These and kindred reflections made the balance of my ride for that evening tinged with feelings of peculiar sadness.

We passed by Good Hope Church, where I had frequently preached, especially funerals. The old church of that day has been replaced by a new and larger one. Here we turned towards the river which we crossed at Kratt's ferry; there a thick wire is stretched across the river, and two ropes, a rope at each end of the boat with two little wheels at the other end fixed in the wire, and all that is necessary is to shove off the boat, have the rope at the fore end the longest, and let her drive until you get over, which took us about two minutes and a half. It is certainly a great improvement upon the "old poling fashion, and it is a pity it was not in vogue when "Old Harry" was ferryman at Hall's ferry years ago, for he once told me he was afraid his chance for getting to heaven was very uncertain. He said he could be a pretty good christian if the wind did not blow down the river, for if it did his boat was most sure to get below the landing, and the *poleing* was so hard to get it up, that he was bound to *swear* in order to help it along. After crossing the river we went to a Mr. Byerley's were we spent the night, and found them very kind people.

On Sunday we went to Byerley's School-House, about half a mile from where we staid, and met quite a respectable congregation. I preached at 11 o'clock and again at night. Among my hearers in the morning were a number of students from Fork Church Academy,—one was a son of Mr. Ed. Rominger, and another a son of Mr. Elisha Raper, an old time school master in the Friedberg neighborhood. These students had been over to the Yadkin College, just across the river, where they took part in a debate the night before, and according to a description given by one of the spectators it was Greek meet Greek between the "Yadkin" boys and the "Fork" boys; and this little Raper especially distinguished himself. In the estimation of my informant, a gentleman of intelligence, he carried the day above all competitors.

In the community where I preached to-day, I am an entire stranger, and thought I knew nobody and that nobody knew me; but I was mistaken, for when the service was over several ladies came and spoke to me and said, "do you not knew us?" One was Mrs. Ellis and the other Mrs. Haines, from Fulton. The first had been Miss Mock, the daughter of my old friend and neighbor, Solomon Mock, the other formerly Miss Lou. Clouse, daughter of the late Mr. William Clouse, and for years, when a girl, was a regular attendant upon my preaching at Macedonia; and I felt honored when she told me there was preaching at her own church that day, but she came because it was me, and she and her husband insisted I should go with them, but I begged off for this time, but if I ever come over again I would come. At Mr. Ellis's we did stay on Sunday night, and another lady was present, Miss Josey Hall. She has been teaching school in the neighborhood for about a year now, and is well thought of in the community. On Monday we visited several other families, among the rest a Mr. Hege, father-in-law of Mr. Lewis Crouse one of the Friedberg boys, and a nice little wife he has got; and I was wondering how it ever came about that a Friedberger should get so far away from home. There is a story, that one of the old brethren went to Fayetteville once, many years ago, when it was called "Cross-Creek." and coming back his wagon broke down; he got it mended, but remarked, "If I ever get back to North Carolina I am going to stay there." But by degrees the secret leaked out, The present Mrs. Hege is only a step mother to Mrs. Lewis Crouse, and a sister to the late Hon. Lewis Haines, and her mother was a Faw, hence she is a cousin to Mrs. Harrison Crouse, Lewis' mother, which gave him a good excuse to come visiting; of course she said a good word in his behalf, and the match was made, and upon the whole, it is a good one. They are still staying with the old people and every thing goes on agreeably. I made quite an acquaintance with a number of people here, Mr. Peebles, Zimmerman and others. There is one peculiar feature characterizes the Davie folks wherever I have got among them, and that is their hospitality, as there are so many after you to take you home with them that you don't know what to do with yourself, quite in contrast with some communities I have known, where a preacher is not apt to be over crowded with invitetions to come home and eat with them.

In the evening Brother Woosely and myself re-crossed the river and came as far as Brother Emanuel Fishels, another one of our lay preachers. Here I remained one night and brother Woosely went home. He will continue to preach once a month for them over there as he is very acceptable with them, and the matter of a Church organization may develop itself in the futore. I spent a very pleasant night in Brother Fishel's family; it was my first acquaintance with Mrs. Fishel, and I think she is an excellent lady, and just suited for a preacher's wife, and that is saying a good deal, for as a general thing they have the hardest part of the burden to bear, for while the preacher is travelling around in pursuance of his calling his wife has to "abide by the stuff," and take care of the family, and especially in the country is often subjected to peculiar hardships, and I don't blame the girls for not wanting to marry a preacher. I wouldn't if I was one of them. Within a half a mile of where brother Fishel lives there is a house put up by the neighborhood for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association organized here, and a Wednesday evening weekly prayer meeting has been held here uninterruptedly for more than ten years, and the attendance has been good all the time, nearly all the young people over fourteen years old being members of some church certainly speaks well for the moral status of the community.

One feature in reference to farming struck me, and that is the raising of cotton, and everywhere on this and the other side of the river they are preparing lands to plant. A number of persons told me they were going to quit tobacco and substitute cotton, for they had tried it, and they could make it easier and get better prices and no warehouse charges to pay. One man told me that last year he had two acres in cotton and although on account of the drouth he did not make a half a crop he did get one bale, and it brought him fifty dollars in cash. Another man says he can make more money raising garden truck and carrying it to Winston than he can raising tobacco; last year, he said, dry as it was he went up once a week carrying the odds and ends of anything that was at hand in the eating line and he always sold out, and his sales would amount to from 8 to 10 dollars in cash each time and only one day lost from the regular farm work.

Tuesday morning I left Brother Fishel's and started homeward. Going up the road I passed by some new buildings, and my curiosity prompted me to ride up to the gate and see who lived there. At my call a little woman came out, and proved to be another one of the little girls of my former Friedberg days; she was now a Mrs. Fishel and formerly Miss Emma Fishel, the daughter of one of my nearest neighbors, Mr. Francis Fishel, and from appearances her husband was making her a nice home here. Pursuing on my way I called in at Brother Christian Spaugh's, where I had a kind of two-fold claim, (as it was past 11 o'clock) dating from Friedberg and Bethania, Sister Spaugh being a former member there. Aunt Lauretta got up one of her nice dinners and she has the consolation that I did it ample justice; I then started homeward in good earnest. Passing up the Waughtown road I saw quite a gathering around the Pleasant Fork Church, and I rode over to see what it meant, and learned it was the burial of Mrs. John Faw, daughter of my old school mate John Masten, Esq. It seemed to me that the whole country for miles around had turned out on the occasion to attest their sympathy with the bereaved one on this sad occasion.

My sheet is full, and when I next go to Davie you will hear from me again.

C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., March 12, 1882.

The Awful Flood.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 9.—W. C. Harris who was sent down to the Desha country by Gov. Churchill to aid in the distribution of government supplies to persons rendered destitute by the overflow returned yesterday. In an interview with a reporter he said that along the river front of the Desha country one hundred miles in length the destruction is beyond description. The water has reached an unprecedantented height, scarcely a form house or residence on the bottom has escaped inundation. The people have been compelled to build false floors in their houses, or to seek safety on higher lands where, in rudely constructed camps of brush, boughs and cane they sit and wait for starvation and death. It is appalling, and without government aid, liberally and quickly bestowed, there is no telling where it will end. Many persons have boen feeding on carcasses of drowned cattle. Personal investigation, as well as the assurances of respectable gentlemen convinced Harris that not less than 600 families, averaging six persons to each in Desha country alone are dependent upon the charity of the government. He believes it to be no exaggeration to place the gross number, old and young, at 3,500. Indications point to a long continuance of the overflow. The most sanguine hardly begin to hope for its subsidence before May.

A Florida Mastodon.

The petrified skeleton, found a few weeks since by Dr S A Wilcox, of Taylor county, is among the most remarkable specimens yet discovered of the huge animals which formerly lived upon this continent. It was discovered while digging a canal for a mill at a depth of about eight feet under ground, and was carefully uncovered and lifted from its resting place in as large pieces as the workmen could handle. Some portions of this huge skeleton were carried to Tallahassee and exhibited there. The Land of Flowers gives us these particulars: The monster lay on its right side with its head bent around under the left, supported by the right fore leg, which was drawn up as a man would place his arm to rest his head on. The left fore leg was stretched out at full length, crossing the right near the ankle. Before moving it the doctor took the dimensions of the skeleton, which he gives as follows: Length of head 9 feet, length of neck 7 feet, length of spine 27 feet, fore leg 7 feet, length of molar teeth in jaw 11 inches, width of molar teeth in jaw 4 inches, length of molar tooth from top of tooth to the root of tooth 8½ inches, length of molar jaw bone 6½ feet, diameter of spinal marrow 6½ inches. These figures indicate that it is among the largest specimens of a mastodon yet discovered.

The Septuple N. Y. Herald.

The mammoth enterprising journal is doing wonders in the publishing line. Read the following and see if it is not the wonder of the world:

The publication of so large a paper as the septuple *Herald* suggests a few striking comparisons. For instance, if all the paper exhausted in printing this septuple edition was unrolled and united there would be enough to extend from New York to Philadelphia, thence to Baltimore, and, passing through Washington, go nineteen miles beyond Richmond, Va. Taken over the Pennsylvania Railroad the end would go beyond the Horse Shoe Bend, in the Alleghany Mountains. The question has been often asked, how many writers are necessary for such a paper as the *Herald*? To-day there are over four thousand advertisements in our columns, so we may safely say that between four and five thousand writers were engaged in putting the four or five hundred thousand words in to-day's *Herald* in proper shape for our one hundred and forty compositors. As each of the twenty-eight pages was stereotyped fourteen times there were three hundred and ninety-two plates, each weighing forty pounds, or a total of fifteen thousand six hundred and eighty pounds. *Harper's Magazine* contains matter equal to about eighty columns of the *Herald*, so that we give our readers to-day two magazines for five cents. We may soon have to do even more than this.

Tenement Life in New York.

That "one-half the world do not know how the other half live," is exemplified in a visit made last week to the "cheap lodging-houses" in New York city by the inspectors from the board of health. At No. 62 Thomson street, on the first floor, the reporters got one sniff of the air inside and made a rush for the street. A hasty glance showed a row of human beings lying as close together as possible on boards ranged round the wall, with one end elevated sufficiently to make the occupant think that he was lying on a pillow. There were whites and blacks huddled together and all were foully dirty. There were 43 of them on the first floor and there were said to be 78 on the second and 75 on the third. The charge for a bed was five cents. No. 461 Greenwich street had 96 on the first floor, 80 on the second, and 20 on the third.—*E. J. Hale in Charlotte Home and Democrat.*

Shredness and Ability.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

—During the months of January and February 12,655 immigrants left Hamburg, Germany, for the United States.

—On the 5th inst., work was started at the Adam's Cotton Factory, which is the first cotton factory venture in Montgomery, Alabama.

—A cotton-seed oil mill (capital $75,000) is being erected at Atlanta, Ga.

—A national bank of $1,000,000 will be started soon at Columbus, Mississippi. This will be the first and only one in the state.

—The Gordons and Gov. Colquitt have put one hundred thousand dollars into a steam tannery, in Jackson county, Ala. Texas is to furnish hides.

—In 1870, Mississippi had 1,731 manufactories; in 1880, 2,331, with $6,725,520 invested. These include manufactories of all kinds.

—During a hurricane in the north of Scotland three hundred whales were driven in Weesdale Voe, Shetland Islands, and shoaled. They were all captured.

—John Taylor's house at Meadow Lea, Manitoba, was destroyed by fire during the storm of Saturday and his wife and three daughters were subsequently found frozen to death.

—In Japan 96 per cent. of the people are able to read; in the United States, only 80 per cent.; in England, 67; in China, 50; and in India, 5 per cent. can boast that accomplishment.

—The six days' walking match at New York ended, Saturday night, with a victory for Hazael, who made 630 miles in 142 hours. The receipts were $46,000, and after paying expenses, $30,000 remains to be divided among 6 walkers, Hazael's share for his week's work being $15,000.

—The cotton mills in Mississippi have proved bonanzas for the owners. The one at Wesson pays 26 per cent. dividends, and the stock is worth over 300. These at Enterprise and Natchez are said to pay as well. The cotton factories of Georgia and Alabama are immensely profitable, and the stock in them as almost a general rule is always above par.

—There are two million and a quarter acres of Government land in Alabama subject to entry under the homestead and pre-emption laws, and the entering of land was never brisker than at present Hundreds of acres are also being sold on the cash basis system of $1.25 per acre, particularly in some of the southern counties of the State.

—The Faber Brothers, the celebrated pencil manufacturers, have established a colony of about fifty German families on an island that they have purchased off Cedar Keys, Fla. It is called Atsenna Island, and they have put up sawmills and machine shops, and have their workmen engaged in cutting and preparing the cedar wood for Fabers famous cedar pencils. The colony is a flourishing one, and is as busy as busy as busy can be.

—David Navarro, the fat boy who weighed 730 pounds, has died of smallpox. His parents refused some time ago to have him vaccinated. He weighed seven and three-quarter pounds when he was born, and seven hundred and thirty pounds before death. His measurement was ninety-seven inches around the waist; about the chest seventy-five inches; thigh, fifty-seven inches; neck, twenty-four inches. He was born in Illinois, in 1861.

—Jesse James, a train robber, was captured Tuesday night in Kansas. He and a comrade, supposed to be Ed Miller, were surrounded in a log cabin in a heavy timber. While trying to force an entrance to the cabin seven of the sheriff's party were killed and three wounded. When an entrance was effected a desperate fight ensued, Miller being instantly killed and James mortally wounded. The attack was a complete surprise to James and his companion, but they were so securely barricaded that it proved a disastrous one for the sheriff's posse.

FLORIDA.—Fine shad are being caught near Sanford.——Green peas are selling at 25 cents a quart in Gainesville.——Immigrants are flocking to the State from every other State in the Union.——The hotels at St. Augustine feed their guests Sundays on strawberries and cream.——Seventeen thousand dollars' worth of sponge in one pile was recently sold at Key West, Fla.——One dollar and fifty cents per quart is the modest sum asked by some persons for strawberries at this season. —— The orange is the longest lived fruit tree known, and is reputed to have flourishthree hundred years.

—Probably the largest cow in the world is owned by Martia S. Stakes, of Grayville, White county, Ill. She is 7 years old and weighs 3,000 pounds, is 17½ hands high, 10½ feet long from the end of the nose to the buttock, 17½ feet from the nose to the end of the tail, 8 feet 9 inches around the girth, 26 inches around the forearm and 31 inches across the hips. She has been exhibited in fonr States, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and Tennessee. She is white and red mostly the latter, well-formed, and a perfect beauty' has two fine calves, one three years old and the other 3 months old. She was raised in Posey county, Ind.

They were all Poor Boys.

An exchange culls the following historical facts, which should encourage every young man struggling under discouragements and poverty:

John Adams, second President, was the son of a farmer of very moderate means. The only start he had was a good education.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in North Carolina, and was raised in the pine woods for which the State is famous.

Jas. K. Polk spent the earlier years of his life helping to dig a living out of a new farm in North Carolina. He was afterwards a clerk in a country store.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home a very humble one. He learned the business of clothier.

James Buchanan was born in a small town in the Alleghany mountains. His father cut the logs and built his own house in what was then a wilderness.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a very poor Kentucky farmer, and lived in a log cabin until he was 21 years old.

Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor at the age of ten years by his widowed mother. He was never able to attend school, and picked up all the education he ever got.

General Grant lived the life of a common boy in a common house on the banks of the Ohio river until he was 17 years of age.

James A. Garfield was born in a log cabin. He worked on the farm from the time he was strong enough to use carpenter's tools, when he learned the trade. He afterwards worked on the canal.

—Meteoric stones sometimes fall in one or two masses, and at other time in a large number of fragments—thousands perhaps—which are scattered over acres or even miles of territory, while on occasion the fall takes the form of showers of fine dust. The quantity of mineral matter thus falling is often very considerable. In 1511 a shower of many hundred stones occured in Crema, one of the pieces weighing 260 pounds and another 120. On the west coast of Greenland were found the largest unbroken masses on record, and the largest specimen, weighing 25 tons, is now in the Royal Academy of Stockholm. A well-founded estimate places the number of aerolites which reach the earth annually at 5,000 at least. It is probable that in early geological ages the fall was much greater than now. It has continued year after year through a vast lapse of time, furnishing good grounds for the extending belief that the earth has derived material additions to its substance from the accumulation of meteoric matter.

Transits of Venus across the face of the sun have been employed by astronomers to determine the sun's distance from the earth. Those transits recur at alternative intervals of 8 and 121 and 8 105½ years. The transits of 1761, 1796 and 1874 were observed with great care from various parts of the world. The transit of 1874 especially was a matter of great interest and attention, as it was hoped that the errors from previous observations might be corrected. Observing parties were sent ont by many countries, and inproved means of investigation—notably photography—were employed. Results have not yet been given in full, but as nearly as can at present be judged the distance of the sun is about 92,000,000 miles. The next transit of Venus will occur December 6th of the present year, and will be the last for nearly a century and a quarter. The occurrence of this phenomenon will form the astronomical event of the year. Already observing expeditions are being organized in various parts of the world, and localities for observing stations are being selected. Bad weather interfered seriously in 1874, and stations will be chosen with special reference to the probability of clear weather.

"Lives of great men always remind us that we are all subject to die," says an exchange, but never cough yourself away as long as you can raise 25 cents for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Faded Colors Restored.

Faded or gray hair gradually recovers its youth ful color and lustre by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, an elegant dressing, admired for its purity and rich perfume.

Experience the Best Guide.

The reason why women everywhere use Parker's Ginger Tonic is, because they have learned by experience—the best guide—that this excellent medicine overcomes despondency, periodical headache, indigestion, pain in the back and kidneys, and other troubles of the sex.—*Home Journal.*

FRAMED CHROMOS cheap at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

FULL BOUND BLANK BOOKS cheap at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer others your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "TRIENDS and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. and Toronto, Ont.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 60 to $1 80
Wheat, (red) " "	1 50 to 1 70
Corn, per bushel	1 00 to 1 10
Oats, " "	60 to 70
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred	3 75 to 4 25
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	60 to 75
Peas, (white,) " "	70 to 80
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 00
Pork	8 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	11 to 12
" Hams'	10 to 12
Green Apples per bushel	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen	15 to 20
Butter, per pound	15 to 20
Tallow, " "	6 to 8
Beeswax, " "	20 to 21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to 0 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	00 to 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	75 to 80
Cabbage, per pound	00 to 0
Chickens, per dozen	2 00 to 2 50
Hay, per hundred	80 to 85
Fodder, per hundred bdls	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs	00 to 00
Blackberries	0 to 00
Whortleberries	0 to 00
Dried Cherries	0 to 00
Dried Apples	0 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	2 50 to 4 50
" Good	4 50 to 7 50
" Bright	7 00 to 12 00
" Good	8 50 to 9 00
" Fine	10 00 to 15 00
Fillers Common	6 00 to 7 00
" Good	9 00 to 15 00
" Fine	16 00 to 14 00
Wrappers Common	15 00 to 20 00
" Good	25 00 to 40 00
" Fine	40 00 to 50 00
" Fancy	60 00 to 75 00

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 6.45, a. m., and every day at 3.40, p. m. Due every day, by 12:30, a. m., and every day except Sunday, by 11.45, a. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Tobaccoville, Dalton, Bliss and Flat Shoals. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 3, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton Walnut Cove and Meadows. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 3, p. m.

YADKINVILLE, via Winston, Lewisville, Panther Creek Conrad's and Charity closes every day except Sunday at 5:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday by 3, p. m.

ROCKFORD, via Mount Tabor, Vienna. Red Plains and East Bend and Richmond Hill Closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5:30, a. m. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday by 6, p.m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Yokely, Advance and Elbaville. Closes every Tuesday and Friday at 5:30, a. m. Due Tuesday and Friday by 7, p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

ASHE COUNTY LAND FOR SALE.

100 acres, on main Wilkesboro and Jefferson road; six acres or more, of Meadow, and the best Woodland; 45 acres of latter heavily wooded, and the richest of soil, with little undergrowth; suitable for wheat or pasture, when cleared. 2½ miles to Jefferson; 1 mile to Store, Grist Mill and Blacksmith Shop, and ½ mile to Church and School-House. Finest section of the County. $550.

Address E. A. BONER,
Beaver Creek, Ashe Co., N. C.

LOOK OUT!

N. T. SHORE & CO., SALEM, N. C.

HAVING carried on the GROCERY BUSINESS for the past 12 months, we announce to the citizens of Salem, Winston and vicinity, and the public generally, that we intend in the future, as in the past, to keep the best stock of

Family Groceries,

ever offered in this market.

Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley, Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal.

Best quality of Spices constantly on hand.

Soda and Lemon Biscuits, and Ginger Snaps, fresh from the bakery. Royal Baking Powders, best in use.

Canned Goods.

Oysters, Sardines, Salmon.

Plain and Fancy Candies.

No. 1 Syrup, as good as the best. No 2 and 5 Syrup and Cuba and New Orleans Molasses. Baker's Chocolate.

CHOICE BACON AND LARD, AND GOOD FLOUR AND MEAL always on hand.

No. 1 Apple Vinegar. White Wine Vinegar. Mackerel. Best Kerosene Oil. Candles. Matches. J. & P. Coats' Thread. Cigars. Black Mountain, Durham and Little Joker Smoking Tobacco. Chewing Tobacco, and Snuff, as good as can be found in this market. Soaps and Starch in any quantity. **Crockery, Glassware and Lamp Goods,** with many other articles too tedious to mention.

Country Produce

Bought for Cash or Barter.

CALL AND SEE US.

Thanking you for your kind patronage we hope to merit a continuance of the same.

N. T. SHORE & CO.,
West side of Public Square, Salem, N. C.
Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.-18.

THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For more than a third of a century the **Mexican Mustang Liniment** has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

is without an equal.

It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—making the continuance of pain and inflammation impossible. Its effects upon Human

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

WOOD! WOOD!!—Subscribers who have agreed to bring us wood for the PRESS, will please deliver it. We did not wait for bad weather to make this call, bet have notified parties occasionally, during the fall and winter. A few have responded

—Day's length 11 hours and 50 minutes.

—Next Sunday will be the 4th in Lent.

—R. B. Kerner, Attorney at Law, has located in Winston.

—A. S. Jones has moved to his farm in Yadkin County.

—H. S. Crist now occupies the late residence of A. S. Jones, in this place.

—A slight spit of snow yesterday (Wednesday) morning.

—New Moon next Sunday morning, at 6 o'clock 56 minutes.

—Mrs. James Brower, of Farmington, Davie County, is visiting her mother, Mrs. O. A. Keehln, in this place.

—A few pounds of the famous Hamilton butter, made in Ashe county, found its way to Shore's store last Saturday. Its stay was short.

—The lady friends of Miss Lutitia Masten gave her a very pleasant surprise on last Saturday evening, it being the occasion of her birthday.

—A. C. Vogler celebrated his 50th year on Monday, at which relatives and friends had a very enjoyable time. He was serenaded by the Salem Amateur Band.

—Thursday the 2nd inst., was a pleasant day at Hampton's School House, in Davidson county. The scholars spent the day in playing games and in thus closing a prosperous session of 4 months, under the care of H. A. Watkins, teacher.

Saturday night the tobacco factory of R. J. & H. H. Reynolds was entered and robbed of some 600 pounds of unstamped manufactured tobacco. About 80 pounds of it were recovered Sunday morning, and two negroes arrested and jailed. Other suspicioned parties are spotted.

The robbers entered the factory by breaking a large pane of glass.

LECTURE.—Rev. Dr. Rondthaler will give a lecture in Academy Chapel, on Friday evrning, April 21st. The proceeds are for the benefit of the young people's Societies of the Congregation. Subject: "Florence the Beautiful." We bespeak for the worthy lecturer a large audience. This lecture, as indeed were all of the previous ones, will be bright, instructive and entertaining. Don't forget, Friday night, April 21st.

—The following item will convey some idea of the extent of the business that has been built up by the proprietor of the Salem Iron Works, in our town, through enterprise and industry coupled with a liberal but judicious use of printer's ink. In two days, the 6th and 7th of March, they received nine orders for saw mills: two from North Carolina, two from Virginia, two from Maryland, two from Colorado, and one from Texas.

—The Young Men's Christian Union and Missionary Society held their first anniversary on Saturday night last in the Moravian church. The attendance was large and the exercises interesting. Rev. F. H. Johnston, of the Presbyterian church, Winston, opened the services with prayer, followed by Dr. Rondthaler with an excellent address of encouragement to old and young. The officers of the Society then read their reports, and the retiring President delivered an address. The Society is flourishing, numbering some 62.

The following are the newly elected officers: President—E. A. Ebert. Vice-President—H. E. Fries. Secretary—C. W. Vogler. Treasurer—W. G. Grunert.

The choir gave some of their choice pieces.

A collection, amounting to $75 was taken up.

We congraulate the young men in their prosperous Society, and hope they will guard their priivileges well. The thanks of the whole community are due to Dr. Rondthaler and Rev. Prof. Wurreschke for their untiring efforts in behalf of our young people. The officers who guided the helm during the first year's cruise, have the united thanks of all our people, May the Society prosper beyond our most sanguine expectations.

—A friend sends us the following from the upper part of the county, near Five Forks:

E. G. Anderson, who has been deaf for many years, sent North recently and bought himself an instrument called the dentiphone and by its use can now hear as good as ever.

There is some talk of a certain party in this neighborhood getting his hat burned to fulfill an old custom. Its a fine boy.

A certain man, who, in his haste the other day to reach a neighboring house, failed to find words to express himself when he caught his foot in a bush and was compelled to measure his anatomy at full length on the juicy ground.

E. Zimmerman and Miss Ellen Carmichael, both of Forsyth, were recently married.

Also, John Brawder and Miss Bowles, and E. Ruthledge and Miss Z. Tuttle, of Stokes were married recently.

James Sisemore, of Stokes, died last week.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday March 11, 1882.

Monday	$4,092 35
Tuesday	4,466 48
Wednesday	1,394 92
Thursday	4,576 76
Friday	3,020 69
Saturday	2,458 68
Total	$20,009 88

Commissioners' Court.

—The following items were not reported among the proceedings of the Commissioners' Court, last week:

Ordered that H. R. Lehman, A. D. Stimpson and J. C. Conrad, be appointed as a committee to let out the building of the stock law fence around Vienna township.

Ordered that Beverly Jones, N. F. Sullivan and J. N. Anderson, be appointed to superintend the building of the stock law fence around Bethania township.

Ordered that an election be held in Salem Chapel township, on the 15th of April, on the question of stock law or no stock law. Thos. Marshall was appointed registrar, and Jesse Grubbs and M. J. Crews, judges.

Ordered that the County Physician not be paid for visits to the Poor House unless sent for by the Poor House keeper.

PRESS CORRESPONDENCE.

We notice the school house near Eden Chapel has been white-washed inside and a stove put in it.

Last week seemed to be a general road working time. We saw several companies at work on different roads.

Bethany High School closed a few days ago.

School closes at Eagle Hill on Friday the 24th inst.

Lum Hite and Wm. Paine have just returned from a trip South. They say horses are rather dull sale.

There are many peach trees in full bloom.

The whooping cough is said to be among the children in the Bethany neighborhood.

The school at Pine Grove in Davidson will close on the 18th inst.

Henry Enochs and others started to the mountains this week to buy Irish potatoes.

Pace and Gorrell are doing a good deal towards the encouragement of tobacco culture. They have bought at a high price more than 20 pounds of tobacco seed and distribxted them among the farmers.

Joseph Stewart has bought a 28 tract of land to add to his pasture.

Lorenzo Stewart has put a 5 per cent. bid on the Andrew Nifong plantation which was sold some time ago.

Andrew Sink has been sick for some time, but is about again.

John Enochs has had a blaster employed in his well for some time and has not found water yet.

Salem Chapel and Belew's Creek Townships will vote on the stock law in April.

Many cases of measles are reported in Belews Creek Township.

Out of the 12 who have registered since our last election to vote on stock law in the lower part of Broadbay Township, only about one of them will vote against stock law. Others in favor of stock law intend to register before the 18th inst.

We know of persons who haul large 2 horse wagon loads of hickory, persimmon and dog-wood about 6 or 8 miles, and receive from $1 30 to $2.00 per load. Better save their timber for this is not enough to pay for cutting and hauling. There will be higher prices paid for such wood before a great while.

It is the opinion of some who have been about and took notice, that there was a much larger amount of wheat sown in Forsyth and Davidson counties last fall than for several years.

Michael Miller says some one stole a few bushels of corn from him the other night. Get good locks and lock your cribs and graineries and smoke houses.

John Bodenhammer says about Lexington, Thomasville and in the lower part of Davidson wheat is looking remarkably well. So it is everywhere.

Felix Sink's youngest child pulled a kettle of hot water over, and scalded itself badly. It is now getting better.

It is said that the late Andrew Caldcleugh possessed a good running gold watch which was bought in London and has been in the Caldcleugh family more than one hundred years

Your correspondent fixed a trap, which worked well enough to close a spring house door, and imprisoned a large hound. I kept the hound several days, but no owner came after him. I concluded to punish the trespassing dog by fastening a tin box full of gravels to his tail, expecting him to run himself nearly to death, but it did not scare him worth a cent.

Many are sowing of the "red rust proof" oats, as they yield more on good ground than the common spring oats.

We met a young man from Guilford county, selling some kind of prolific corn at 25 cents for a half pint package. He says, he and many of his neighbors have been raising it for several years and that it yields enormously If this be true, it seems to me that they could sell it for less than at the rate of $40 per bushel, for they must have much of it on hand.

Jonas Snider, col., who was arrested for stealing Charles Clinard's wheat was sentenced to three years in penitentiary.

H. L. B.

—Beginning with the first number in March, **THE MORAVIAN**, issued at Bethlehem, Penna., commences the publication of **A History of the Unitas Fratum**, the Church founded in Moravia and Bohemia by followers of John Hus, four hundred and twenty-five years ago. The Work is written by Bishop Edmund de Schweinitz, after a careful study and comparison of all the extant sources, very few of which are in the English language, a thorough and correct account of the Church of the Reformers before the Lutheran Reformation and to become acquainted with an important, though hitherto ignored period of **Church History.**

—In the bright autumnal days the temptation to comfortable exposure yields its fruit in a most pernicious cough and irritation of the throat. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup stands unrivalled as a remedy for throat and lung diseases. 25 cents a bottle.

STOKES COUNTY.—The County Commissioners and Magistrates met at the Court-House last Monday in joint session. After transacting the regular routine of business, the Town Fork bridge question was taken up and considered, when it was determined to build a bridge, the cost not to exceed $1,500. The Commissioners in connection with Dr W A Lash were appointed to let the bridge to contract.

So far as we could learn there was no action had in regard to furnishing the destitute of the county with corn, further than to instruct our representative to have a special act of the legislature on the subject, in case that body met in extra session.

Mr R B Glenn tendered his resignation as County Superintendent of the public schools, which was accepted, and Mr J Y Phillips was elected to fill out the unexpired portion of Mr Glenn's term.

The following list of jurors has been drawn for the Spring term of Stokes Superior Court:

Thos Richardson, W H Shaub, Jesse J Davis, J B Vaughn, Jr, R P McAnally, W D Slauter, S M Shelton, Sr, C L Griffin, J H Martin, J H Hawkins, M T Mitchell, J W Neal, J P King, W C Mathews, S W Amos, J W Gann, C J Newsom, G M Shelton, S T Edwards, S M Rierson, W H Moore, R T Watts, J T Joyce, W H Nunn, W A Ward, W W Johnson, P H Young, W H Tillotson, Green Daniel, J H Tatum, William Bundurant, A C Myers, L W Lasley, G R Lawson, J W Davis, Elisha Collins.

—*Danbury Reporter.*

State Items.

From the Lenoir Topic.

MINING MATTERS.—Mr R M Tuttle, of Hartland, Caldwell county, informs us that the Francis mine is now receiving a great quantity of mining machinery, among other things pumps for the shafts and an engine to work the pumps. A tunnel about four hundred feet has been opened and into this two shafts of 80 feet have been sunk, and preparations for extensive work are being made. About twenty hands are now employed at the mine. At the Baker mine, one mile below the Francis, Mr Andrew Powell, on behalf of Wallace Bros, of Statesville, will soon, we understand, commence work with thirty hands. At the Piedmont Springs, in Burke county, a gentleman is now engaged in washing out the bottom lands for alluvial deposits of gold, and is finding it quite profitable. We learn that considerable excitement exists near the head of John's river in this county, occasioned by the finding of several quartz veins, which the State Geologist has pronounced rich in gold. In the meantime prospectors for various mining companies are roaming around through our mountains, searching for the indications of gold, copper, iron and other useful and precious minerals known to be hidden beneath their rugged surfaces.

A LITTLE LOWELL.—Gwyn, Harper & Co, have added an extensive saw mill to their other machinery at Patterson. We understand that they will use the saw mill, for the most part, in sawing hickory lumber to be shipped North to buggy and wagon manufacturing companies. The finest hickory timber is so abundant in this county that numerous saw mills are sawing it to be shipped North, and find that it pays in spite of the fact that we have no railroad facilities nearer than the Western railroad. As for Patterson, with its abundant water power now running a large cotton factory, recently doubled in capacity, a wool factory, a large flouring mill and a saw mill, it is a miniature Lowell, of which the proprietors may well feel proud.

ABOVE THE FROST LINE.—One mile south of Lenoir there is a long range of hills forming a watershed between Lower Creek and Gunpowder Creek, and this range is above the frost level, and persons having peach and cherry orchards on it never fail, except in very rare instances, to have a full crop of these fruits, while their neighbors below them must be content with a crop once in five or six years, the late frosts generally killing the peach and cherry blooms.

THOMASVILLE MINING NOTES.—Col Wm F Beasley has just completed a survey from Thomasville to the Silver Valley Mine—the object being to build a road to be run in connection with the mine. "They say" it will be built by July of this year. The mine is in operation and is in a flourishing condition.

The Eureka mine and the Lalor mine are both in operation with good prospects.

Several capitalists are making Thomasville headquarters, and things look lively for the Spring.

Several other mines will be put in operation very soon—altogether the prospects for Thomasville district seem to be bright, and the miners are wearing more pleasing countenances.—*Salisbury Watchman.*

SALE OF THE CATAWBA FACTORIES.—The two factories on the Catawba river, in which Dr. A. M. Powell, of Catawba, owned interests, were sold under decree of court on the 6th. The Powell & Shuford factory, about 1,000 spindles, was bought by Mr. J. U. Long, of Catawba, for $2,850. Persons who had expected to bid on this factory did not arrive in time and it sold low. The factory of the Catawba Manufacturing Company, was bought by Mr. C. E. Graham, of Asheville, for $11,000. Mr. W.H. Gregory, of this place, had an order to run this factory up to $14,000, and did so.

—Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co's Merchantile Agency reports the business failures of the week throughout the country at 137, against 128 last week. The Eastern States furnished 11; Western 45; Southern 39; Middle, 29; Pacific Coast and Territories, 6; and New York City, 7—total 137. In this connection, in the city of New York the most important failure is that of Cazade, Brooks & Reynand, who have liabilities abroad. This disaster is said to have been caused remotely by the collapse of the Union Generale of Paris and the contraction of continental banking facilities resulting therefrom.

The Boston Mystery.

The shocking murder committed in Boston on last Tuesday morning adds another to the long list of tragedies openly perpetrated in the heart of a great city by unknown persons who escape and leave their identity wrapped in mystery. In some respects this latest crime is without a parallel. Mrs. Bell, who had gone to a bakery for milk at eight o'clock in the morning, was followed on her return home by a man who abusively accosted her, pushed her violently into her own hallway and there stabbed her in the neck nine times. Her dying screams brought her little daughter to the scene and aroused one or two women in the house, all of whom saw the man leaving after finishing his murderous work. The cries of the victim were also heard by a carpenter passing in the street who had witnessed what had occurred outside of the door, waited until the man came out, followed him until he came to two policemen and then pointed him out to be arrested. The policemen refused to make the arrest, and the murderer, doubtless bespattered with blood, leisurely pursued his way through the streets without being molested by any one. The murder was openly committed in broad daylight and the perpetrator was seen immediately before and after the crime by at least half a dozen persons, including two police officers. With all the information and clews afforded by these witnesses, he has so far made good his escape and for five days his identity has remained a mystery. There have been more mysterious murders than this, but a more extraordinary escape can hardly be found in the annals of crime.

—Two cattle thieves were taken from jail in Colorado and riddled with bullets.

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our colums, are a sure cure for ague, billiousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.

—*Portland Argus.*

Permit No Substitution.

Insist upon obtaining Floreston Cologne. It is pre-eminently superior in permanence and rich delicacy of fragance.

Have you Ever

Known any person to be seriously ill without a weak stomach or inactive liver or kidneys? And when these organs are in good condition do you not find their posessor enjoying good health? Parker's Ginger Tonic regulates these important organs, makes the blood rich and pure, and strengthens every part of the system. See other column.

Cotton Seed.

Messrs. F. & H. Fries have received a lot of prime cotton seed for distribution among the farmers.

DIED.

In Winston, suddenly, on Sunday morning, JOHN H. FOWLER, a tobacco leaf dealer, in the 57th year of his age.

In Greensboro, on the 6th inst., ANDREW CALDCLEUGH, formerly of Lexington, aged 60th age.

In Davidson county near Midway, last week a child of John Perryman.

Near Waughtown, WALTER LAWSON, infant son of John H. and Esther V. Haff, aged 1 year 11 months and 19 days.

EASTER.

Those wanting *Tombstones* before Easter will please bring in their orders as early as possible. Last year some were *too late.*

I. W. DURHAM.

Jan. 18, 1882.

FOR SALE

A VALUABLE PLANTATION,

NEAR SALEM, N. C.

The undersigned will sell the tract of land, known as the Sam'l Laughenour place, containing

178½ ACRES,

75 of which are wood lands and 6 acres of meadow, with a good orchard, a comfortable dwelling and convenient outhouses, among them an excellent brick spring house, conveniently located. The place is suitable for truck farming and dairy, as it is within two miles of Salem, and one quarter of a mile from Stafford's Mill. Terms Cash. Persons can call and examine the place at any time.

L. W. STAFFORD.

March, 16. 1882.

Two Three Cent Stamps.—On receipt of two three cent stamps the undersigned will send two sets of four cards each, of different designs, suitable for Albums or Card Books.

J. H. GOODWIN,
150 Franklin Street, Baltimore, M. D.

LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale at public auction, at Union Cross, Davidson County, on **Saturday, March 18th,** a valuable tract of land, containing about **60 Acres,** more or less. Fifteen acres are valuable woodland, and ten acres are bottom lands. A dwelling house on the premises. The lands are within one and a half miles of Teague Town, and one mile of Union Cross. Terms cash. WALTER WEAVIL.

March 1st, 1882.-2t.

JOHN SAUL'S

CATALOGUE of new rare and beautiful PLANTS is now ready with a colored plate. Many new and beautiful plants are offered for the first time, with a rich collection of Greenhouse and Hothouse Plants, Bedding Plants, new and choice Roses, Dahlias, etc., well grown and at low prices. Free to all my customers; to others, price 10 cts. A plain copy free. JOHN SAUL, Washington, D. C.

A Great Curiosity.

Largest Corn on Earth.

3 to 5 Ears to the Stalk.

RIPENS IN 90 DAYS.

Send stamp for Sample and Terms to Agents. Address,

EAST TENN. SEED CO.,
CLEVELAND, TENN.

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE—Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

$4 FOR $2

The Best Offer Yet Made

Now is the Time and Don't You Forget it.

FOR TWO DOLLARS

We will send to any address in the United States The HAWKEYE one year, and "THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MOUSTACHE," the popular book of Robert Burdette, the Hawkeye Humorist.

The Retail Price of the Hawkeye is $2. The Retail Price of the Book is $2. You can get them both by sendlng $2 with this advertisement to

THE HAWKEYE CO.,
Burlington, Iowa.

PEOPLE'S PRESS and *Hawkeye* for one year for $2.75.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

H. W. FRIES.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns, at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying, irritation, give relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers** and **Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

Trees and Plants

FOR SPRING 1882.

Over 250 Varieties to Select From.

30,000 Peach Trees 3 to 6 feet high, all the new and old varieties.

40,000 of a general assortment of other Nursery Stock.

For special low rates on Trees and Plants write to

N. W. CRAFT,
Proprietor.
Shore, Yadkin Co., N. C.

Diphtheria.

A **cold** or **sore throat** may not seem to amount to much, and if promptly attended to can easily be cured; but neglect is often followed by **consumption** or **diphtheria.** No medicine has ever been discovered which acts so **quickly** and **surely** in such cases as **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.** The prompt use of this *invaluable remedy* has saved thousands of lives.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is **not an experiment.** It has been before the public for **forty years,** and is most valued where it is best known.

A few extracts from voluntary testimonials read as follows:

PAIN KILLER has been my household remedy for colds for the past twenty-seven years, and have never known it to fail in effecting a cure.—L. S. CROCKER, Williamsville, N. Y.

For thirty years I have used PAIN KILLER, and found it a never-failing remedy for colds and sore throat.—BARTON FLEMAN.

Have received immediate relief from colds and sore throat and consider your PAIN KILLER an invaluable remedy.—GEO. E. EVERETT, Dickinson, N. Y.

I have just recovered from a very severe cold, which I have had for some time. I could get no relief until I tried your PAIN KILLER, which relieved me immediately. I will never again be without it.—C. O. FORCE, Lowndes, Ga.

Have used PAIN KILLER in my family for forty years, and have never known it to fail.—RANSOM LEWIS, Waynesboro, Ga.

I began using PAIN KILLER in my family twenty-five years ago and have used it ever since, and have found no medicine to take its place.—B. W. DYER, Druggist, Oneida, N. Y.

For whooping cough and croup it is the best preparation made. We would not be without it.—A. P. ROUTS, Liberty Mills, Va.

For twenty-five years I have used PAIN KILLER for colds and chapped lips, and consider it the best medicine ever offered.—GEO HOOPER, Wilmington, N. C.

I was suffering severely with bronchitis, and my throat was so inflamed I could scarcely swallow any food. I was advised to try your PAIN KILLER, and after taking a few doses was completely cured.—T. WILKINSON.

DR. WALTON writes from Coshocton: Your PAIN KILLER cures diphtheria and sore throat, so alarmingly prevalent here, and has not been known to fail in a single instance. This fact you should make known to the world.

MRS. ELLEN B. MASON writes: My son was taken violently sick with diphtheria, high fever, and cold chills. So many children have died here I was afraid to call a physician, and tried your PAIN KILLER. He was taken on Sunday, and on Wednesday his throat was clear. It was a wonderful cure, and I wish it could be known to the poor mothers who are losing so many children.

For Chills and Fever **PAIN KILLER** has no equal. It cures when everything else fails.

Delays are often dangerous. A bottle of PAIN KILLER in the house is a safeguard that no family should be without.

All druggists sell it at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, *Proprietors,*
Providence, R. I.

DECEMBER 31st, 1881.

GEORGE W. HINSHAW. WADE H. BYNUM.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

(SUCCESSORS TO HINSHAW BROTHERS,)

WHOLESALE & RETAIL MERCHANTS,

WINSTON, N. C.

WE appreciate the liberal patronage we have had for the past several years and assure our friends and customers that in the future we will spare no pains in trying to merit a much larger trade than we have ever had. *The general policy of our business will not be changed.* Our

Wholesale Store

will in the future be more complete than ever, and to Merchants who buy for Cash or Produce, and to those who are strictly *reliable* and *pay promptly* we will offer inducements equal, if not superior to those offered by any house in Western N. C. It will be in the hands of well posted, experienced and reliable Salesman.

All the Departments of our Retail Store shall be complete and in quantity, quality, variety, styles and prices of Goods they shall not be equaled in Winston. All of these departments will be in charge of first-class Salesmen who know and attend to their business.

We will continue to handle and sell at factory prices

J. & P. Coats' Six Cord Spool Cotton,
Jas. A. Leach & Co.'s Thomasville Shoes,
Winchester, Virginia, Fine Shoes for Ladies,
T. Miles & Sons' Philadelphia hand-made Shoes for Men, Ladies, Misses and Children.
F. & H. Fries' Jeans, Sheeting and Bunch Cotton.

GRANITE, FOREST HILL, RANDLEMAN PLAIDS.

We will carry a much larger and better assorted stock of Clothing than we have ever had, and will sell at prices that defy competition. In the future we will keep a larger line and greater variety of

SHOES, BOOTS, HATS, &c.,

ALSO MUCH BETTER ASSORTMENT OF

Notions, Ladies' Dress Goods, Trimmings.

Our present Stock of Shoes and Boots, Dress Goods and trimmings is the largest and finest in town. We will sell the best COFFEES, SUGARS, SYRUPS, TEAS, CANDIES, CANNED GOODS, &c. We will carry a large stock of NAILS, HORSE and MULE SHOES, HORSE SHOE NAILS, AXES, HOES, MATTOCKS, and STAPLE HARDWARE, and will compete successfully in prices with the leading Hardware Stores in the State.

We will sell the best GRASS SEEDS we can get.

To TOBACCO and COTTON GROWERS we again offer the thoroughly tried and justly popular

Star Brand Complete Manures,

and ask all farmers to compare their record, BY ACTUAL FIELD TESTS, with the record of any and all other fertilizers sold in the State. Designing persons last spring circulated reports to the effect that the STAR BRAND MANURES had been adulterated, we then denounced the reports as being untrue, and their authors as unworthy of confidence? What has been the result? Our reports from the farmers throughout the State have been uniformly to the effect that the

Star Brand Manures

stood the drought better last season and made larger and finer crops than any other fertilizer used in connection or competition with them. The fertilizers we will sell this year will be in splendid condition for handling, and quality as good or better than any sold heretofore.

Our terms on Fertilizers will not be changed; we will sell for cash and on time. When we sell on time the buyer must make the debt secure and pay it promptly as we expect to collect every dollar.

We propose to make good every word we say in our advertisement and ask every one to come and examine our stock and prices. Our customers who come on horseback and in wagons or other conveyances will find unsurpassed accommodations for man and beast, free of cost, at PACE'S WAREHOUSE.

Very Respectfully,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

JOHN GATLING, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
P. COWPER Adjuster and Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH. N. C.

INSURES ALL CLASSES OF

Insurable Property,

Against Loss or Damage by Fire,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid. Encourage Home Institutions.

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.
J. A. LINEBACK, Agent at Salem, N. C.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE

INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD

Assets, over - - $30,000,000.

Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLON DOLLARS

New York Office, 45 William Street.

DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS

1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,

Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

NEW BOOKS.—A lot of new Seaside Library publications just received, at the Salem Bookstore.

BOOKS AT COST AT SALEM BOOKSTORE

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland Maine.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTCAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub's. of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

North Carolina R. R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Feb. 19 1882.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily
Leave Charlotte	3 55 a m	6 50 p m
" Salisbury	5 51 a m	8 51 p m
" High Point	7 20 a m	10 44 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 05 a m	11 30 p m
Leave Greensboro	8 25 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	11 04 a m	.....
" Durham	11 48 a m	.....
" Raleigh	1 15 p m	.....
Leave "	1 40 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 20 p m	.....

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday.
Leave Greensboro 6 00 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh 3 04 a. m.
Arrive Goldsboro 8 00 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Feb. 19, 1882.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 20 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	.....
Leave "	4 10 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 28 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 07 p m	.....
" Greensboro	7 50 p m	.....
Leave "	9 10 p m	7 25 a m
Arrive High Point	9 45 p m	8 06 a m
" Salisbury	11 08 p m	9 36 a m
" Charlotte	12 50 a m	11 20 a m

No. 18, D'lyes. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 2 50 p. m.
Ar. Raleigh 7 10 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh 5 00 a. m.
Ar. Greensboro 2 20 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for Asheville; &c., at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A.-L. for points South and Southwest; at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 20 p m	8 30 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 36 p m	9 41 a m
" Salem	11 20 p m	10 15 a m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Salem	5 15 a m	6 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	5 50 a m	6 40 p m
" Greensboro	7 06 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 20 a m
Arrive Raleigh	10 15 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	3 30 p m
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G. A. REICH.
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THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Feed for Laying Hens.

A correspondent asks: "Can hens be made too fat to lay?" Yes, indeed. Fat hens rarely lay. If hens are fed so much or so often that they begin to fatten rapidly they will soon stop laying. He asks again: "Is there anything better than corn to make hens lay?" No food is better than Indian corn or ground corn (Indian meal), to fatten hens, and of course it should be fed sparingly to laying hens. If hens do not lay and are fat, feed them but once a day—at evening just before they go to roost—giving what screenings, buckwheat and oats in such proportions as you judge best. Throw the feed upon clean ground only so fast as they pick it up. Stop just as soon as you see any of the flock begin to wander away. Let them forage all day for weed seeds, grass, insects, etc. They must have warm quarters, well ventilated at night, and a sunny run by day in winter. After a while begin to feed them sparingly a little meat scrap chopped fine, broken bones, oyster shells, etc., and they will probably soon begin to lay.—*American Agriculturist.*

Sitting Hens.

All things change in these days, and there seems every prospect of a real and great change ere long in the methods of incubation. There is much likelihood that artificial incubation will at last be pretty generally adopted in this country; we do not mean by the enthusiastic fancier alone, or the scientific experimentalist, or the wholesale poultry rearer; but that to the ordinary poultry yard in its ordinary routine an incubator will become as necessary an adjunct as a greenhouse is to a garden. We are not, however, prepared just yet, until we have had the opportunity of personally testing several artificial incubators, to recommend the young fancier to trust all his eggs to them, and prefer, therefore, for the present to say something about the old-fashioned feathered one provided by nature.

Chapters on sitting hens are wont to begin with disquisitions on the exact age which it is desirable for them to have attained before being trusted with eggs. We do not take the trouble to inquire into the years or months of broody hens, indeed at this season of the year we are seldom fortunate enough to have such a supply of them as to make us critical on such points. We have often known pullets of six months to make admirable mothers. It is a good plan as hens show signs of becoming broody to give them nests if they have not already got them, which can be removed bodily with them to the sitting-house. Of course there are small establishment, where in a very only two or three in a run, it can generally be arranged to leave them where they have been laying, or about a large farmstead. Those which have chosen for themselves out-of the-way retreats may be left in them; but even in these cases there is always much risk of their being disturbed by intruders. As a rule it is far better to give up some house having a run attached to it for sitting hens. In this there should be some close boxes with wire fronts for the confinement of strange or wild birds; but for the home hens, which can be quietly brought in at night, we recommend that each be set in the portable box or basket in which she has been laying. As soon as a laying bird shows signs of becoming broody her nest should be prepared. We prefer round wicker baskets to all other nests; fresh turf or ashes should be put at the bottom and short straw over. There is much point in doing this beforehand, for no nest is ever at once so well fashioned as the hen fashions it for herself by laying in it a few times; it is then ready for eggs directly she is ready to sit. Hen and nest can be carried quietly together at night into the sitting-house, and in nineteen cases out of twenty she will sit on as if in the same place. In the case of a shy bird a rough wicker coop with some sacking on it put over her will give extra privacy.

At the time of removal another exactly similar basket should be placed in the laying-house, and any hens which have been laying in the one will not know the difference. This is our general plan with our home hens. It is, however, often necessary to get in extraneous help, in the shape of hired or bought broody hens. At times they are a necessary evil. We have known dozens which could be set anywhere, especially when they come from cottages where they are kindly treated and constantly handled. Such are far preferable to birds from large farmyards, where little attention is paid to them; the latter are wild and unsteady at first, but with patience and management they will generally quiet down. For such we have rows of closed wooden nests with sliding wire doors in front. Ours are raised from the ground with ledges in front of them. We have seen some similar without bottoms standing on the ground, which is perhaps better where there is no fear of rats or other vermin. A refractory hen should be put in at night with some china eggs and left quite undisturbed till the dusk of the next evening, when she may be lifted off to feed and put back again. We have nearly always found this treatment makes such a bird safe for eggs at the end of two or three days. Common sense and observation alone will tell when a hen may be trusted. Eggs should certainly not be given her till she sits down closely and till all the china eggs under her have been found hot. A doubtful hen will often warm a few of necessity without properly incubating the whole nest. Now and then hens obstinately persist in standing upon the eggs, cackling and even scratching the nest to pieces.—*C., in Journal of Horticulture.*

Recipes.

PUDDING.—A delicate pudding is made of three teaspoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water. Have one pint of water boiling on the stove; in this stir the corn starch and the well-beaten whites of three eggs; let it boil up once; pour it into an earthen pudding dish which will hold three pints; steam the pudding for ten minutes.

DOUGHNUTS.—One egg well beaten, one tablespoonful butter, a cupful sugar, a cupful sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, a teaspoonful soda, a little nutmeg; stir as stiff as you can with a spoon; dust flour over your board, lay on the dough, and instead of molding pat it out with your hand. Cut off strips, twist them and fry in very hot lard.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—Take two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, three cups flour; mix and bake in fine, thin layers. For the jelly, grind the rind of three small or two large lemons, and add the juice of the same with one cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of water, one teaspoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour; mix with a little water, and boil till it thickens; then place between the layers of the cake.

Having used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family for the last three years, I find it is the best preparation I have ever used for Coughs and Colds, giving almost immediate relief.

B. WALKER,
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FOR THE LADIES.

Spring Millinery.

The first importations of bonnets show straws in great variety, to the exclusion of chip braids; the latter are said to be so fragile that they scarcely last through a season, and the fine straws are made as light as chip, and are far more durable. English split straws and Milan braids will probably find most favor, as they come in very narrow braids of satin-like luster, and are very light in weight; these are shown in two shades of cream white and ecru, and are in all the new shapes both of bonnets and round hats. These fine straws are also colored deep green, brown, blue, garnet and black for bonnets to wear with special costumes, or with white or black dresses.

The red hats that were so fashionable last summer are repeated in darker shades, and in these smooth light braids as well as in the heavy looking rough straws. Manila braids are brought out in deeper ecru tints than any worn last year, and are liked particularly for large pokes and wide-brimmed round hats. The porcupine braids with stiff bristling loops of the straw are shown again, and there are the scalloped-edged rough straws that were worn alike for dress and undress hats last year. Satin straw, Milan and split straws are used for the small capote bonnets that will be chosen for dress, and also for the larger shapes for watering places.

The yellowish Tuscan braids are always liked for summer bonnets, and are now largely imported in plain, smooth braids, and in the fancy lace straws that were offered last year, but did not prove popular. In the new bonnets two kinds of Tuscan braids are combined; the principal part of the bonnet is the plain Tuscan, and there are insertions of the lace straw laid flat in the crown and like a border on the brim. Thick clusters of loops of braid form a band like a ruche on the brims of bonnets and of round hats. Leghorns are imported in all the new shapes for those who can afford to purchase them and there is an effort to revive the horsehair or crinoline straws known as Neapolitan braids, but hitherto these have been of such poor qualities that they cannot be commended.

The new shapes are not new, but merely accentuate those of last year, showing larger pokes, wider brimmed round hats, and small capotes. The pokes have crowns of various shapes—round, tapering and almost square—while the front projects upward so high that the fashion of trimming next the face will have to be resorted to in order to fill up this great space. There are small clusters of fine flowers to be used for this purpose, stuck about irregularly in the way seen in the bonnets of a hundred years ago. There are also three-quarter wreaths that are to be worn just across the upper part of the inside brim of pokes, and to be placed at will, as best becomes the wearer's face, on the new round hats. These trails of flowers are also to be put on the outside of dressy small bonnets, almost covering one side of them, while on the other side will be clusters of ostrich feathers. Rather small flowers are imported, although milliners predict that the large crushed roses and other double flowers without foliage will be used. For medium small bonnets the coronet fronts are used; and there are some pokes that have the edge of the brim rolled back like a coronet. The round hats retain the large shapes of last year that are capable of being made so picturesque and becoming. The brims are very wide and flat, and are without wires, so that they can be made into almost any desired shape, but it is said they will be worn quite flat on the head, in peasant fashion, with the brim straight all around.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fashion Notes

New trains are pear-shaped.

Gold tulle trims evening dresses.

Velvet dresses need little trimming.

Yellow diamonds are in great favor.

Guipure guimps are in new dresses.

Silver gray is revived as a fashionable dress color.

Buttercup yellow is a fashionable spring color.

Bonnets grow larger and the poke shape prevails.

American silks and satins are winning new praise abroad.

Flowers on dinner tables grow more and more in fashion.

Æsthetic dress grows more and more in favor in England.

Large polka dotted Spanish lace neckscarfs are in high favor.

Lace will be as popular as ever for trimming summer toilets.

Kerchiefs of white, pale tinted, and black *crepe de chine* are much worn.

Black remains the choice color for the costliest and most elegant wraps.

Colored Spanish lace appears on many of the Paris trimmed hats for spring wear.

Long lace strings for brides will be more fashionable on bonnets than ribbons strings.

Crepe broche in all shades of color, pure white and cream will be used in trimming bonnets.

Felt skirts are very handsome this season, and come in all the new desirable shades of color.

Bonnets, muffs, pelerines, dress trimmings and fans made of peacock feathers are much favored.

Feather bands are considered more elegant than fur ones as trimmings for the richest wraps and costumes.

Pale pink and silver are very fashionably combined in toilets designed for young ladies' dancing parties.

Feathers and jeweled combs are more fashionable for evening coiffures than flowers, either real or artificial.

Long haired India cashmere, just because it is uncommon and unpretentious, is used alongside of the richest silk, velvet and plush cloaking fabrics for wraps of high ceremony.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Love Letters.

Commodore Vanderbilt's widow came originally from Mobile, and had great influence over the commodore. She has lived a very quiet life since the commodore's death, spending most of her leisure in opening love letters and prosecuting the charities which he undertook. She frequently sits up with her secretary till midnight answering the letters, not the love letters. The number of proposals she has received for her well-endowed hand since the commodore was taken from her side is estimated by those who are nearest to her to be between 500 and 2,000. Many of them are accompanied by photographs which wildly and vainly endeavor to set forth the charms of the writers. These missives furnish no end of amusement to the family at No. 10 Washington place. But Mrs. Vanderbilt, though barely thirty-six, and a prepossessing woman, declares that she will marry no more, and she smiles upon no suitor. Gossip—many eyed and many tongued—is not even busy with her name. A man from the western Carolinas is among the most recent who have sought her hand. He naively and innocently assured her that he had knocked together a little cabin of his own and if she would only be his he "would support her as long as she lived."—*New York Letter.*

Two million barrels of salt are annually exported from Michigan.

A MEXICAN FARM.

Life at a Hacienda in Mexico.

A week's visit at the hacienda of Tepenacasco proved one of the most agreeable experiences of my whole tour. The house was approached from the main road by a long lane through fields of the purple-flowering alfalfa, a larger and hardier clover; past a dark-walled corral, or cattle-yard; a very long, steep roofed barracks for laborers' quarters; and by a pond embowered in willows. From a distance, with its numerous outbuildings, it had the appearance of a dueal residence. It is plainer when reached, the space immediately in front having a farm-yard appearance, and containing in the center a very large stone threshing floor of the kind in which it is customary to thresh out grain, just as in the patios, by troops of running horses. It is of rubble stone, plastered and neatly whitewashed; a single liberal story in height, the part devoted to the residence having large windows, covered with gratings and a belfry on top. To this are added, on the flanks, such a collection of granaries and corrals that a facade is made of probably six hundred feet in length. Some fonts project from the wall beside a door opening to the family chapel. Over the main entrance-door is an inscription: "*En aquesta destierro y soledad disfruto del tesoro de la paz.*" (In this retirement and solitude I enjoy the treasure of peace.) Each principal granary or barn (called troje) is inscribed also with its title. They are built to keep the contents cool and of an even temperature, with walls of great thickness. Buttressed without, and with columns or piers of a yard square running down the center of the long, dim interiors, they are more like basilicas of the early Christians than one's preconceived idea of a barn.

The buildings in the central clump, not counting those detached, cover alone between four and five acres of ground. The estate of which they are the focal poin is eighteen miles in one dimension by six in the other, and contains not less than forty thousand acres. There are seventeen hundred head of neat cattle, and other things in proportion. On the pay-roll, in the week in which I was privileged to witness the operations, were laborers to the extent of eighteen hundred and fifty, men and boys. I confess to the fondness for country life, and with such a novel domain to explore, one must be difficult indeed not to be pleased. One day we mounted on horseback to go to visit the corrals, where portions of the animals are kept at night according to their changes of pasture; another, to the Ojo de Agua, a lovely spring, made mention of by Humboldt; again, to examine the different crops; again, to various white hamlets that, like the city of Tulancingo, farther in the distance, dot the plain. At Acatlan is a most charming dark old ruined convent, with the green bronze bells yet hanging in the steeple. One day the household ensconced itself in a large wagon covered with willow boughs, and we drove to Zupitlan, a ruined hacienda, church, and hamlet on the estate itself, and held a picnic.

A high grassy hill, the Cerro, behind the house, affords wide views. We are in the midst of a level valley, with gently sloping mountains on all the boundaries. The leading crops are maize barley and maguey. The tlachiquero goes around every day, with his donkey carrying wine skins, collecting the sweet sap from the maguey to make the pulque. He pours it into vats of skin in his department to ferment, treats it in his practiced way for a fortnight or more, and then it is ready for sale. We see sometimes forty plow men come in and unyoke their teams of an evening. The agricultural implements of the larger sort in use are American, but plows, spades, picks and the like are manufactured at Apulco, near by, more cheaply. There are interesting home-made wooden forks and shovels yet remaining. Among the rest the veritable Egyptian plow of wood, with but an iron point, is much more in use than the modern sort. And for its purpose of turning shallow furrows and plowing between the rows of maize it appears, to tell the truth, not ill adapted. The ground is treated by irrigation, no less than eleven large dams, one of them creating a lake two miles long, being formed for this purpose. The portions of land used for cultivation are taken irregularly in various parts of the estate, according to their proximity to these. Each has its name, as Las Animas, San Antonio the Larger, San Antonio the Less.

But it is a grazing country, and the chief industries are the raising of animals and the making of butter and cheese. The greater part of the cattle are hornless, which is effected by a simple process of searing the tender horn when sprouting, after which it does not increase. The idea is worth attention by American farmers and those who have to do with the transportation of cattle. The calf here remains with its mother under all circumstances. It is a quaint sight at milking-time to see it lassoed fast to its mother, whose hindlegs are also lassoed, waiting by no means patiently the conclusion of the ceremony. Each of the departments is under the command of its own chief, and an accurate supervision and record is made of the whole. The bookkeeper, "Don Angel," a taciturn young man, native of old Spain, with a talent for minutiæ, fills out weekly, in a blank form, a statement going into the closest detail. For keeping the tally of revenues which amount to $20,000 a year his own salary is $400 "and found." The administrator, "Don Rafael," is paid $1,000, and has, besides, various lands and casitas of his own—a person of substance, in fact. He is a steady-going man of middle age, with a prominent scar on his forehead. I imagined some interesting story. No, he said it was got in breaking a vicious horse. A sensible man lets fighting alone; there are enough at that already. The Americans have excellent ideas. They all work; all wish to improve and make money. Without money a person might as well take himself off to the cemetery at once.

The butter and cheese making is under control of "Don Daniel." He is a large, handsome young man, with rosy cheeks, coal-black hair and beard, and excellent teeth—a picture of health. He is of a lively turn withal, assembles around him congenial spirits, and the strumming of a guitar and such choruses as,

"Amarillo si, amarillo no,
Amarilla y verde me lo pinto,"

may be heard from his room long after the sedate and the fatigued have gone to bed. Another inmate of the household is a youth of eighteen, a very voluble young person, Salvador, who proffers himself often as a guide. He is a cadet learning the business of conducting a hacienda; or, as some think, a young scapegrace of good connections put here to be kept out of mischief. Outside the household are the mayordomo and the sobresaliente, chief aids of Don Rafael; the pastero, who looks after the pastures; the caporal, who has principal charge of the stock. These are officials of a humble order, dark, blanketed men, bandit looking enough on horseback, but in reality as gentle as need be wished for. The peons or day-laborers live in about as poor a condition as the Irish peasants—except for having the advantage in climate—receive from six to thirty-seven cents a day for their labor, and seem without either chance or ambition to better themselves. There is a prison-room at the mansion, where one is occasionally locked up for a couple of days. Not that it is permitted by law, but "they are not civilizated," as the proprietor explains, in English which still leaves something to be desired. "Nobody makes any disturbance about it, and otherwise they would not work."

The family spends a small portion of the year here, in an informal style of living. Servants and all call the young mistress Cholita, a diminutive of her name, Soledad. There is no expectation of receiving or paying visits in the neighborhood. Social life, owing to the distances and the scarcity of neighbors, does not exist. It must have been lonely indeed for the young Ameriern girl who had been employed as governess of small children in the adjoining hacienda shortly before. The dogs swarm in and out over everything. The place is kept as a big, generous farmhouse, and not as a villa. It has been designed for greater state in its time. The old furniture, of the style of the First Empire, would command a premium from bric-a-brac dealers. The rooms are large and finely proportioned. There are an octagon chamber, with beds in columned niches and another having the bed raised upon a platform of highly palatial effect. The first proprietor is said to have been a man, finally ruined by his extravagance, who had half Tulancingo at his table; and if he were inspired by a sudden notion to go to the capital, one hundred and thirty miles, say, distant, he rode his horses till they dropped dead under him.—*W. H. Bishop, in Harper's Magazine.*

The Man Who Was Warned.

During the uncertain days following the close of the war there were certain localities where a man who had a grudge against a neighbor got rid of him by writing him an anonymous letter warning him to leave the State inside of ten days or prepare to fill a grave over which no one would feel particularly interested in keeping the grass green. One day Colonel Blank, who had removed to Arkansas from Southern Michigan and was attending strictly to business, received such a missive. It was the rule to turn pale as death, rush home and pack up, sell out for nothing and skedaddle on the wings of chain lightning, but the colonel didn't follow it. It struck him that he knew the handwriting and he went home, buckled on a knife and a revolver, and took a ride of three miles into the country. He dismounted at the cabin of a long-haired, long-legged old swamp owl, named Patterson, who was in the backyard mending a harness. The colonel approached him to within three feet, and after they had seated and discussed the weather, the Michigander remarked:

"Patterson, I am going to leave Arkansas."

"Shoo! Anthing wrong?"

"I've been warned away."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I've been given five days to leave the State."

"And you calkerlate you will go?"

"Yes I'll have to be waylaid or hung up."

"Yes, I reckon that's so," chuckled the old man.

"But I want to take something with me to remember Arkansas by," continued the colonel, "and I came out after your scalp."

"My what?"

"Sit still, old man, or I'll bore you through! That's it—up with your hands! If I go back to Michigan and tell 'em I was warned out of Arkansas, and that I got up and dusted without firing a shot, they'll call me a coward. If I carry your scalp back I've got something to show for the two years I've put in here and the $6,000 I've laid out. Old man, if you know the Lord's prayer you'd beter repeat it quick, for I'm in a dreadful hurry to get back."

"Say, kurnel, don't you like the kentry down here?" asked Patterson.

"Yes."

"Is the climate all right?"

"First rate."

"Chance to make money?"

"Good chance."

"Then, kurnel, don't go back! I don't keer two cents about my scalp; somehow I've got attached to you and it will rip up all my tender feelings to see you go! Let my old scalp-lock stay right whar' she is, and you stay right whar' you be, and if any of the boys look cross-eyed at you fur the next ten years I'm a kyotte if I don't drive 'em into Mexico or make 'em lose themselves in the ground."

The colonel is down there yet, and old Patterson never meets him without anxiously inquiring if he's got over being homesick yet.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Congressional Lobby Worker.

Mr. J. R. Randall writes from Washington to his paper, the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*: I think the great corporations are often deceived by the lobby men. One of the most prominent of the gentry was brought before a subcommittee and required to testify under oath. He was asked if he had not received $25,000 from a railroad company, and responded in the affirmative. "Why did they pay you that sum?" said the chairman. "Because they thought I was worth it," responded the agent. "Did they think you could influence votes?" The agent answered that they did. "What did you do?" said the chairman. "I reported that Senator Blank was all right, and they were satisfied," replied the agent. "Did you approach the senator?" said the chairman. "I did," the agent retorted, "and asked if he felt all right this morning. He answered that he was all right. I so stated to the company, and they paid over the money like little men." I leave it to the reader to guess which was the more fooled, the railroad company or the sub-committee. At any rate, the hero of this exploit is still on hand and still plying his avocation around the capitol. One of the most expert of politicians, who has held many high offices and always with honor and distinction, tells me that the lobby men do not after all have much power over congressmen, as a rule. Sam Ward used to spread epicurean feasts, and his liquor-mixer Valentine dispensed seductive fluids, but the majority of congressmen who partook of this refreshment never sold out in consequence. I rather think that the corporations employing old "Rex Vestibuli," grew weary of furnishing him with the sinews of war and the raw material of gastronomic luxury. He has gone; but his place is filled by men who have none of his scholarship, but more knowledge of still-hunting. Whether they use cash or condiments, I cannot say; but their existence is surrounded by sumptuous appointments, and to hear some of them talk one would be persuaded that they owned congressmen in fee simple and sold them as corner lots to their employers. My own opinion is that this is mere brag and "bounce," and that they would interview a royal Bengal tiger sooner than confront the majority of either house with a venal proposition. Still, they live and thrive and want for none of those things that poorer people long for and sometimes imperil their reputations and souls to procure.

Philadelphia has an artist named Sword. When eight years of age he was only a little bowie.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The use of the telephone is making rapid progress in Germany. Berlin alone has now nearly 1,000 miles of telephone wires.

Dr. Hartig states that a strong man working a hand fire engine with his utmost strength for two minutes can do work amounting to 0.403 in the highest nd 0.227 of one-horse-power in the owest maximum attainable.

Dr. Siemens, speaking at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, referred to the open fireplace as possessing high sanitary qualities. It did not, like radiating hot-water stoves, warm the air of a room, but it heated the walls and furniture. If the air of a room is hotter than the walls moisture condenses on them, and mildew and fermentation are set up, to the detriment of the occupants.

G. H. Darwin has taken pains to estimate the stresses caused in the interior of the earth by the weight of continents and mountains, and he concludes that either the materials of the earth have about the strength of granite at 1,000 miles from the surface, or that they have a much greater strength nearer to the surface. He confirms Sir William Thompson's theory that the earth must be solid nearly throughout its whole mass, and he attributes the lava of volcanoes to the melting of solid rock which exists at high temperatures at points where the pressure is diminished, or to the existence of comparatively small vesicles of molten rock.

The Floating Homes of Bangkok.

Boats are the universal means of conveyance and communication, and a boat thus becomes a necessary adjunct of every person's household; to its dextrous use every child is trained; men, women and children are equally accustomed. Perhaps the most common form is a stout skiff about twenty-five feet long, turning up very shapely and high behind, like a Venetian gondola. It is broad in the beam, and two-thirds of its length is housed over, leaving a little flat deck in front, and a stilll smaller one behind. Behind stands the husband and sculls; in front stands the wife rowing and using a boat-hook to help their way through the crowds. The front of the boat is used for business, passengers or cargo. The rear third is given up to family and domestic furniture.

For, incredible as it may seem, we soon see that each boat is the home of a family, father, mother, girls and boys; who are born there, live there and die there. In the daytime the children and the furniture are crowded into a space not over four feet square; at night they can spread out over greater surface. I looked into these homes with attention, and never could enough wonder or admire how closely all was packed, without seeming to jostle or painfully crowd. Also that the children lived so happily and contentedly in a space no greater than a large-sized Saratoga trunk! It is probably a fact that there are many ten-year-old children in Bangkok river who have never walked over twenty feet in a straight line, in short, who have never been on land. But then, when they come in proximity to boats whose little inmates they know, they would—boys and girls from five to twelve—jump out of their boat-house, and dive and swim away to visit and gambol around together; now free in the water, now hanging to the boat's side or sitting astride of the scull oar. And a friend tells me that he has seen them in their visits take with them baby, to whose shoulders mother has prudently attached a hollow gourd or other light float to insure its safety.

In a minor excursion up a side canal I found myself at the city residence of the prime minister—whose name I have not now time to write out in full. I ran my boat all around through his pleasure grounds, and wondered whether the worthy old gentleman considered that he was living on land or in the river. In one part of his aquatic elysium I saw magnificent specimens of the victoria regia, whose leaves, round like a platter, were over two yards in diameter. Their rim was sharply turned up in a ledge an inch high, and on the raft thus formed were settled quite at home like, a family of frogs They, too, seemed to fall in with the humors of the country.—*Chronicle.*

The farmer should sign nothing, under any pretext whatever, for a stranger; do not even give your address—"just as a memorandum." When least expected this address will turn up as a signature to some kind of a promise to pay. Avoid every easy way of making money. No matter by what name it is called, the scheme is likely to be fraudulent. Let every farmer and others, who live in the country, be sure that trees and shrubs with fruit of heretofore unheard of excellence, or flowers of unsurpassed beauty, are not introduced by hawkers and peddlers.

Force of habit: "Stop the press!" the editor frantically shouted to the young fellow who was hugging his sweetheart.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Rather Enthusiastic.

The Wilmington (Del.) Daily Republican lately contained the following item of popular interest: Dr. J. F. Speck, who is connected with the Wilmington Every Evening, speaks rather enthusiastically of St. Jacobs Oil. Dr. Speck states that he uses the oil in his family as a household remedy, a sort of universal panacea for all aches and pains, and has always found it to act most happily. His attention was called to it by the many testimonials in its favor, and he one day used it upon himself for sore throat. Two applications were sufficient to effect a cure. He also used it on his little girl for sore throat with gratifying success. The same child had scarlet fever this winter which left the tendons of one leg much contracted. The little prattler couldn't walk without assistance and suffered much inconvenience and pain. Several applications of St. Jacobs Oil restored her limb to its normal condition, and she has not experienced any trouble since. Dr. Speck states that he has also seen the Oil act charmingly in toothache. He thinks St. Jacobs Oil is a sterling remedy, and does not hesitate to recommend it for rheumatism, etc.

The rise and fall of the barometer are influenced by temperature as well as by the vibrations in weight of the atmosphere due to other causes. To determine what allowance to make for the influence of temperature in making barometrical observations for scientific purposes, mathematical tables have been prepared which are always used.

The Nebraska City (Neb) Press says: St. Jacobs Oil strikes heavy blows for good all around, and its virtues for rheumatic pains are lauded upon every hand. Try it, all ye who suffer.

The London zoological society own 4,000 specimens of God's creatures. The number of visitors to the gardens each year is 600,000, and the revenue $125,000.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood.

Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

A Sure Cure for Fits

Will be sent by mail to any address, postpaid, on receipt of one dollar. Address J. Alonzo Greene, Indian Doctor, 816 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef Cattle—Med. Nat live wt.	9¾	@	10
Calves—Poor to Prime Veals...	6¾	@	9¾
Sheep.....	5¾	@	6¾
Lambs.....	6¾	@	7
Hogs—Live.....	7¾	@	7¾
Dressed, city.....	8¾	@	8¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	5 70	@	8 00
Western, good to choice	5 80	@	8 75
Wheat—No. 2 Red, new.....	1 35	@	1 36¾
No. 1 White, new.....	1 34	@	1 34½
Rye—State.....	88	@	95¾
Barley—Two-rowed State.....	90	@	90
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	64	@	68¾
Southern Yellow.....	71¾	@	71¾
Oats—White State.....	50	@	52
Mixed Western.....	44	@	48
Hay—Prime Timothy.....	85	@	90
Straw—No. 1, Rye.....	75	@	80
Hops—State, 1881.....	26	@	28
Pork—Mess, new, for export...	17 90	@	18 00
Lard—City Steam.....	11 10	@	11 10
Refined.....	11 30	@	11 30
Petroleum—Crude.....	6¾	@	7¾
Refined.....	7¾	@	7¾
Butter—State Creamery.....	32	@	40
Dairy.....	33	@	39
Western Im. Creamery	32	@	43
Factory.....	16	@	35
Cheese—State Factory.....	9	@	13
Skims.....	3	@	7½
Western.....	9	@	12½
Eggs—State and Penn.....	26	@	27
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	3 25	@	3 37
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Extra.....	6 00	@	6 25
Lambs—Western.....	5 50	@	6 50
Sheep—Western.....	4 75	@	5 50
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers..	6 85	@	7 00
Flour—C'y Ground, No. 1 Spring	6 75	@	7 25
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth....	1 57	@	1 57
Corn—No. 2 Mixed.....	68¾	@	69
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West.....	48	@	50
Barley—Two-rowed State.....	90	@	90
BOSTON.			
Beef—Extra plate and family..	14 00	@	15 00
Hogs—Live.....	7	@	7¾
Hogs—City Dressed.....	9	@	9¾
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl....	15 00	@	15 50
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents..	7 50	@	9 00
Corn Mixed and Yellow.....	73¾	@	75
Oats—Extra White.....	55¾	@	57
Rye—State.....	97	@	1 00
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	44½	@	46
Unwashed " "	30	@	31
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality.....	6 50	@	7 12½
Sheep—Live weight.....	4	@	6¾
Lambs.....	6	@	7¾
Hogs, Northern, d. w.....	8¾	@	8¾
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	6 37½	@	6 37½
Wheat—No. 2 Red.....	1 35½	@	1 35½
Rye—State.....	97	@	97
Corn—State Yellow.....	69¾	@	69¾
Oats—Mixed.....	47	@	47
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa....	45	@	45
Cheese—New York Full Cream.	13¾	@	13¾
Petroleum—Crude.....	6	@	7
Refined.....	7¾	@	7¾

Undigested Food

In the stomach develops an acid which stings the upper part of the throat and palate, causing "heartburn." It also evolves a gas which produces "wind on the stomach," and a feeling and appearance of distension in that organ after eating. For both this acidity and swelling Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a much better remedy than alkaline salts, like hartshorn and carbonate of soda. A wineglassful of the Bitters, after or before dinner, will be found to act as a reliable carminative or preventive. This fine specific for dyspepsia, both in its acute and chronic form, also prevents and cures malarial fevers, constipation, liver complaint, kidney troubles, nervousness and debility. Persons who observe in themselves a decline of vigor should use this fine tonic without delay.

It is estimated that in Philadelphia 1,800 persons depend upon street begging for support.

Our Progress.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

CHICAGO has had 3,439 divorce suits in the last six years, and 13,097 marriage licenses were issued in the same time.

Consumption Cured.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.

ELIZABETH THORNTON, Monongo, Ark.

PHILADELPHIA is the only one of the larger cities which has no free library, and doesn't seem to want one.

The "Golden Bloom of Youth"

may be retained by using Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

IT is always better to keep out of a quarrel than to make it up ever so amicably after you have gone into one.

A Pastor's Enthusiasm.

WHIPPANY, N. J., July 2, 1880.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—Mrs. Bardwell has been a long sufferer from chronic inflammation of the bladder, which yielded to no treatment until she began the use of your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. We recommend the remedy at all times.

REV. D. MCGEE BARWELL.

THE number of publications issuing from the French press last year is stated to have been 18,717.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c. per box.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, a medical work for every man—young, middle-aged or old! 125 invaluable prescriptions.

We can insure any person having a bald head or troubled with dandruff, that CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will do all that is claimed for it. It will not stain the most delicate fabric and is delightfully perfumed.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

It is strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP will restore health to the physical organization. It is a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria, Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, &c.

Edey's Carbolic Troches prevent all contagious diseases, such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Whooping Cough, and cure Coughs and Colds. Pleasant to the taste and a good disinfectant.

ALLEN'S Brain Food—cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for Circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 313 First av., N.Y.

Vegetine

WILL CURE CANCER.

PROOF! PROOF! PROOF!

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—About two years ago a cancer made its appearance on my face, left side of my nose. When I first noticed it, it was about the size of a pin-head (very small). It increased in size, and spread on my face until it became as large as a common cent. I tried all kinds of remedies, and advice from a physician. It was spreading and eating into my flesh very fast. I was very much alarmed. I went to see a physician who cured cancers; he did not give me much encouragement. It pained me very much; I suffered night and day. It would bleed at times very profusely. Everything was done that could be to try to cure the cancer. My brother had a cancer on his lip; he submitted to an operation, being well discouraged. I was one day in Mr. Woodberry's apothecary store, of this town. He gave me your pamphlet, containing many cures by the use of Vegetine. I found on page 19 where Vegetine had cured a cancer on a lady's nose. I then bought a bottle of your Vegetine, and it proved a great blessing to me; I could see good effects from it right away. After taking three bottles it stopped the spreading of the cancer about the edges; it checked the eating into my flesh. I could see it was gradually healing. I kept on taking Vegetine, the cancer slowly disappearing, until I had taken sixteen bottles and it completely cured it. It has left a large scar on one side of my nose; and I feel it my duty to recommend Vegetine to all like sufferers, as it is certainly a great "Blood Purifier." I am now sixty-three years of age, and Vegetine has greatly improved my general health. Yours most respectfully,

WM. F. CLEAVES,
34 Federal St., Beverly, Mass.

We, whose names are annexed, can testify to the above, as Mr. Cleaves is an old resident of this town.

C. WOODBERRY, Apoth'y, RICHARD PEDRICK,
HERBERT S. SMITH, ANDREW L. EATON,
A. GLIDDEN, GEO. S. MILLETT.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Add'a TRUE & Co